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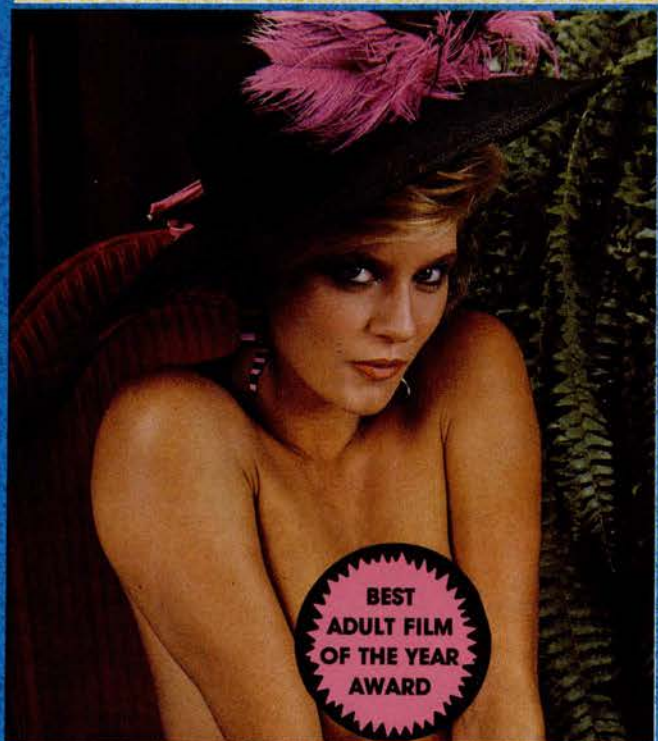
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John Lyons, a native of Tennessee, has had his award-winning poems and short stories published in such magazines as *The Old Hickory Review* and *The Mockingbird*. Under former occupations he lists bartender, tree trimmer, substitute school teacher and rainmaker. He currently resides in Los Angeles, where he works as an actor and standup comic.

I love the news. I just don't take it too seriously. It's too concise to be the whole truth and yet too bizarre to dismiss as total fiction. Whenever I get depressed, I turn it on. It is always good for a laugh, and I suppose everyone finds it somewhat encouraging to see people who have it slightly worse off.

Politics is always comedic in nature. The word *comedy* is derived from the Greek phrase "6 o'clock news." My Uncle Monroe told me that. He was the biggest liar I ever met. I often thought he should have written fiction or run for public office.

We get the best news in America. Toxic waste, serial killers, record cocaine busts, complete with pictures. I wouldn't live anywhere else. No, living with censored news and shitty dope is unthinkable. What I love the most are the stories that chronicle the fuckups of public officials.

Who else but Americans would indulge politicians to the extent that we do? Who else would assemble their top clowns and head zanies all under one roof, otherwise known as the Congress of the United States? I wish Barnum & Bailey would just take the thing over. Take away their briefcases and give them squirting flowers and seltzer bottles.

I think comparing congressmen to clowns is fair enough. It is certainly more accurate than comparing them to drunken sailors, because, after all, drunken sailors spend their own money. Like the time when people found out that the Pentagon was buying \$6,000 coffee makers, \$50 screws and \$800 hammers. I laugh everytime I think about it—\$800 a pop for a hammer.

The real capper came after Congress had its little investigation, and bureaucrats fessed up like shy little school boys that, much to their chagrin, they had indeed been flimflammed and bamboozled by certain members of the private sector. They were promised that certain steps would be taken to rectify this unfortunate set of circumstances, and in the future the government would not pay more than \$400 for any hammer again.

I got on the phone right away: "Yeah, Pentagon, give me the guy who buys the tools. Oh, that's Mr. Spurling in General Purchasing.

"Yeah, let me speak to him. . . . Mr. Spurling, hey, I got a 12-piece set of Craftsman socket wrenches, and you can have them all for \$375. Yeah, really, and if you act now, I'll send you two tickets to *The Price Is Right*."

If I've learned anything about these guys, it's that we are much better sports than they ever will be about these fuckups. Anybody with the audacity to stick it to them usually gets audited by the IRS. Like when they audited me last year for some of the expenses I deducted while on the road. They said, according to their calculations, that I owed them about \$400 in back taxes. So when I went in to see them, I took a hammer and said, "We'll call it even."

Face it, folks. If you need \$400, you are not buying a hammer—that's closer to the cost of three grams of coke and a hooker. Which is a lot easier for me to believe than some boob plunking down \$400 and walking off with a hammer, thinking not a bad day's work. I guess I'd rather believe these guys are buying coke and hookers as opposed to getting beat on the price of tools. It is an interesting combination: coke and hookers. It represents classic government waste, because as most of us know, after a couple of grams of coke, the last thing in the world you need is a hooker.

A government should serve the needs of its people, and I suppose Americans have the best system you could expect when three-quarters




of the people don't give two farts in a hailstorm what happens just so long as their little piece of the pie isn't trifled with. The only way to bring the high price of hammers down is for people to get involved. Write letters. Hell, take to the streets. I'd march for a \$200 hammer; maybe we could get it down to \$125, who knows?

I know I'd get behind something like that or anybody who had the sense to even bring it up. The problem is, we always settle for these charismatic Kennedy clones, or some rancid old fart who only gets off his ass to vote himself a raise, protect his buddies' business interests or sleaze off to Jamaica on a fact-finding mission. Face it, folks. They don't go to Jamaica on a fact-finding mission. Face it, folks. They don't go to Jamaica and come back with facts. They come back with suntans, hangovers, blisters on their dicks and wild stories. If they want facts, I say let them stay home. Let them call me. I'm in the book. Let them stay home to get drunk. Let them sit around, get hard-ons looking at each other's wives for a change.

It's no wonder the farmers can't get an even break. Once the government found out how much fun sowing wild oats was, they never had a chance. But this is an American tradition that goes back to Benjamin Franklin, and I'm certainly not about to fly in the face of this well-grounded principle. If my government sees fit to pad the payroll with mindless bimbos whose sole function is to provide sexual bravado in those long afternoons after a shopping binge, well, I suppose it has a pretty good reason. It's like I said before, I wouldn't even complain if once in a while I got a crack at it, but I get stuck with the taxes and the traffic tickets. In view of everything else, I can't believe that somewhere the government hasn't stockpiled an elite brigade of these women. Stashed somewhere, decked out in berets and matching garter belts. On slow days they turn this towering hoard of dick-sucking women loose.

The last thing I want to imply is that I would spend the money any better. It's that "holier-than-thou" attitude that gets most of the rascals elected in the first place. I'm just saying, "Hey, guys, either invite me over once in a while or pack it in."

It's okay with me. I am not suggesting we change anything. What the hell? Someday I may run for office myself. 

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HOT LETTERS

DIAPER TIME

Does your magazine ever get letters from people who like to wear diapers and wet their pants? I'm 23 years old, and I have this bizarre fetish about dressing up like a baby. It all started when I was six and had to stay the summer with an aunt. My parents were going on a trip to Europe and, just before they left, my mother informed her sister I was a chronic bed wetter. Edna said it wouldn't be a problem—she had ways of dealing with little boys who wet the bed. Later that night she dressed me in diapers and rubber pants, and I stayed that way all summer long.

That was the beginning of a wonderful life. A few years ago I joined the Marines and got an assignment near my hometown. I couldn't act out my infant fantasies while on duty, but I could do what I pleased while on leave. One day I was reading the local paper when I saw an ad for a woman who wanted an adult baby to mother. I immediately wrote her a letter and, when she answered back, she instructed me to meet her at a nearby bar.

The letter said to shave off all my body hair, put on a nice suit and wear a diaper with rubber pants underneath. My prick strained beneath my trousers when I arrived the next day, dressed exactly as instructed. I ordered a beer and only had to wait a few minutes before a stunning older woman with nice, full milk-melons came up to me and introduced herself as Mistress Di. I informed her I was her new baby, Billie, and that I was prepared to do anything she asked. "Good," she said. "Now go outside and get into the blue Cadillac in front. Then take off your suit, fold it up and put it in the bag on the floor. I hope you have on your diapers. If you don't, you're going to be in real trouble!"

I did as I was told and sat out in the car, wearing my diapers—trying not to let anyone see me. By then the beer was starting to affect my bladder, and before long I had to take a piss bad! When we got to her place, she told me to get out and carry the

bags to the front door while she parked the car. After we were inside the house, she took me to the bathroom and examined me. I started to tell her I had to take a leak real bad, but she stopped me. "You're my little baby now," she said, "and you must not speak or you'll be punished. You'll eat when I feed you, and—most of all—I'll change you when I feel it's necessary."



I couldn't wait any longer! With my face turning red, I let loose a nice, long stream of hot urine in my oversize diapers. It felt incredible! Mistress Di noticed what I was doing and whispered, "Ahh, that's the way. I knew you'd pee-pee sooner or later." After she lay me down on the floor and removed my diapers and rubber pants, she wiped my wet ass and dick with a towel while I kicked my legs with joy. My wee-wee quickly became erect as an MX missile ready for takeoff when she rubbed my hairless asshole clean, and—noticing my condition—she reached up and gave my crank a few loving strokes. Mistress Di made me hop into the bathtub and turned on the water. When the tub was full, she gave me a nice, soapy bath, paying special attention to my rigid rock-python. I was in

heaven! She soaped up my willie-winkie good and started a slow, up-and-down pump. Her soft hand formed a circle around the blood-engorged head and gently slid down to the base of my slippery shaft. "Come to Mama," she cooed. "Let it come now."

I couldn't last more than about 20 strokes before I gave up the gravy under her expert caresses. She dried me off and, when I got out of the tub, she told me I needed a good cleaning out. She made me bend over the toilet seat face first and said I was going to get a nice, hot enema. She put Vaseline in my little rosebud of an asshole and slid the tube in. I grunted when she started the flow of soapy water, and I accidentally let out a moan of pleasure. "Oh, God," I wailed. "It feels so good!"

Mistress Di didn't take too kindly to this and slapped me on the ass. "I told you not to speak!" she yelled. She opened the bag all the way and flooded my bowels with water. I felt absolutely bloated. Next she told me to sit on the seat and let the water go. I did as I was told, and within seconds I was splashing hot, brown fluid into the toilet bowl.

When I was finally dressed in a brand-new diaper and pink rubber pants, she took me into the master bedroom and took many pictures, saying they were good insurance in case I tried to leave. Then she unbuttoned her blouse and freed her big, beautiful boobies. Her luscious areolas were large and pink—about the size of silver dollars—and her nipples protruded at least a half inch, aching to be pinched. "Is baby hungry?" she breathed sensually. I nodded that I was, and she motioned me over to sit on her lap. I was living one of my fondest fantasies! Mistress Di cradled me in her arms while I licked and sucked her balloons to my heart's content. But after my first taste I noticed something strange and wonderful. Her glorious globes had real mother's milk in them!

I drank her liquid of life for about 20 minutes before Di pushed me away and got a long, thin stick. "I want my baby to

I believe more people should wear diapers and act like babies, especially our national leaders.

eat my pussy now and, if you don't please me, I'll beat your ass raw!"

My dick got hard as a rock again when she said that! She lay down on the bed, spread her legs and hit me on the top of the head. "Eat, you little brat," she commanded.

I dove in and munched her muff for what seemed like an eternity. My pussypoker was so inflated, I thought I'd burst! Several orgasms later Di pulled down my rubber pants and saw my diapers tented by my rock-hard dick. "Well, we have an excited baby, don't we?" she leered. "Do you want to fuck Mommy now?" I nodded my head emphatically, but she only laughed. "Too bad, because babies can't fuck!" She laughed hysterically before putting me to sleep in a nearby crib.

I've been back to Di's place many times now, and every time we have even better experiences than the time before. I believe more people should wear diapers and act like babies, especially our national leaders. It's very relaxing, and it's so much fun to mess your pants and have someone change you. And best of all, you

never have to worry about things like nuclear war or unemployment when you're an infant!

—B. B.

San Antonio, Texas

AUSTRIAN ENCOUNTER

I was on an express train in Austria, traveling from Salzburg to Vienna. Although it's tiring, I've always enjoyed rail travel. Being a young woman, I would never dare travel alone in the States, but in Europe it's a pleasure. The only problem is that after being on my own for a while, I get so horny, I want to get it on with any man who looks halfway decent.

Normally, I'm pretty particular about who I get friendly with, but there are times when a girl just needs a good fuck. I hadn't had one in over a month, since I left for Europe, and that one hadn't been too great. I was feeling desperate. I had that strong urge to feel a man's cock inside of me. But since there were no men on the train to my liking, I knew I'd have to wait until I got to Vienna to search one out—five hours away!

Finally, I headed for the dining car,

figuring maybe food would take my mind off of sex. The car was so crowded that I had to share my table with another woman, but I didn't really mind, as I felt I could use the companionship.

My fellow traveler's name was Andrea, and she proved to be fascinating. She was bright, witty, well-educated (her English was flawless) and very attractive, a tall blond Austrian girl with expensive clothes and jewelry. As we talked, I tried not to stare at her, but her beauty was nearly overwhelming. Maybe it was just the horny mood I was in.

I was enjoying her company and, as dinner came to an end, I was sorry to think that we'd soon be parting. So when she asked if I played chess and whether I'd like to play a game back in her compartment, I jumped at the chance.

We picked up a bottle of wine and set up the board on the bed between us. For a while concentrating on the game took my mind off my desire to be fucked. But afterward Andrea slid up next to me and asked if I had a boyfriend. I told her I liked to keep my options open, even though Americans generally frown on a girl who sleeps around. Andrea told me that people in Europe were much more open about that sort of thing, and then she asked me what people in the U.S. would say about a woman who made love to another woman.

I could tell something was going to happen when she asked me if I had ever made love to another woman. I told her I'd never done anything like that, but that maybe I should, since the men I'd been with lately hadn't been so hot.

Andrea reached out, gently took my face in her hands and gave me a passionate kiss. Though kissing a woman like that was a completely new experience for me, I offered no resistance as our tongues met. I found myself reaching out and placing my left hand on Andrea's right breast. I fondled it through her silk blouse. Her tit was small and firm and fit perfectly in my hand. I unbuttoned her blouse and slid my hand underneath her bra to caress her nipple. It quickly became hard, which excited me because I never knew I could turn a woman on.

Andrea reached out and began unbuttoning my blouse. I had no bra on. I felt a tickle run through my nipples as she fondled my tits. With each minute that passed, we became more excited. We were breathing heavily as sweat began to form on our brows, and our pussies became hot and soaking wet.

Gently, she pushed me back on the bed, opened my blouse all the way, lay on top of me and ran her tongue around my left nipple. I couldn't believe how good another woman's tongue could feel. It

(continued on page 36)



"You can put it back in your mouth now. . . ."

ARTS and PRICES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

If you heard that thousands of federal prisoners file complaints and seek outside help over bad treatment, you'd wonder why the asshole in charge doesn't do anything. You don't know Asshole of the Month Norman A. Carlson, U.S. Bureau of Prisons director.

Although Carlson keeps a profile as low as a puddle of diarrhea, his cold-hearted lack of consideration for prisoners as humans occasionally surfaces for the public. Cons already know that this rancid ass cheese constantly turns a deaf ear to complaints about cruelty, mistreatment, overcrowding, medical problems and more.

For example, Carlson can ask judges to reduce sentences of "low-risk" prisoners or ones with medical problems. If not for humanitarian reasons, the reductions would ease crowding that has forced federal prisoners to be detained in local facilities, at an extra burden to taxpayers. Yet this black-souled son of a shit blister has used the power maybe five times a year, usually only for dying prison-

Norman A. Carlson



ers. Even old tough-guy cowboy Ronnie Reagan believes that 500 prisoners a year should be released.

"Rockpile" Carlson's approach to overcrowding is to pencil in new prisons on budget requests, even though experts say that when the facilities are built, there will be even more federal inmates than they could handle. Except for long-

term, big-dollar wishful thinking, the milky discharge who runs the federal prisons has offered no alternatives to prison overcrowding and housing federal prisoners in local jails. This only makes guards' jobs tougher and increases prison violence and unrest.

Imagine being locked up in such conditions and learning that the scumsack in charge has

given wardens authority to ban inmates from receiving Christmas gifts from family and friends. You'd expect dungeon rat Carlson to claim that in previous years some packages contained contraband, although the drizzling butt wheeze doesn't say how many such cases—we expect because it's so few. The soiled asswipe would deny personal joy to inmates at a difficult time of year for them because checking the packages is "time consuming."

A handful of federal wardens have taken the option not to enforce the ban. Perhaps if Carlson the compost heap spent more time at their level, where his petty decisions are most felt, some trace of humanity would arise. But Carlson's backseat leadership and do-nothing approach to prison conditions indicate that he'll continue the potentially explosive policy of treating prisoners like cattle. When *that* shit gets too deep, the prisoners will get the blame, but we know the Asshole who made the pile is named Norman A. Carlson.

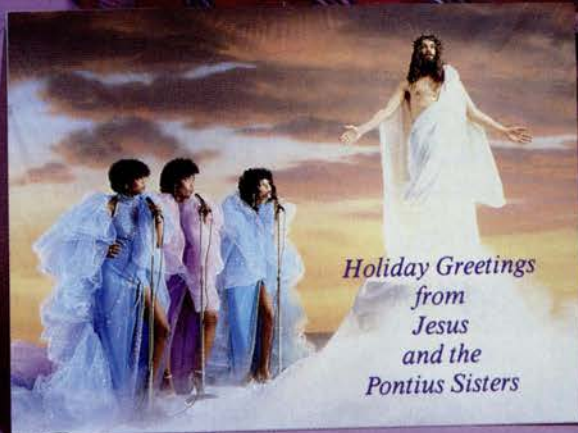
Who's That Bag Lady?

Millions may have wept buckets over the theatrical plight of Lucille Ball's Florabelle in the TV movie *Stone Pillow*, but how many really know what it's like being an authentic inner-city bag lady? As you can see, some of these pathetic creatures aren't even worth their weight in paper. Moreover, the only future they have to look forward to is being crumpled up and tossed aside, if not used as kindling in some wino's sterno barbecue or to cover the face of an incredibly ugly fuck. So please, do what you can to help out the old bags.

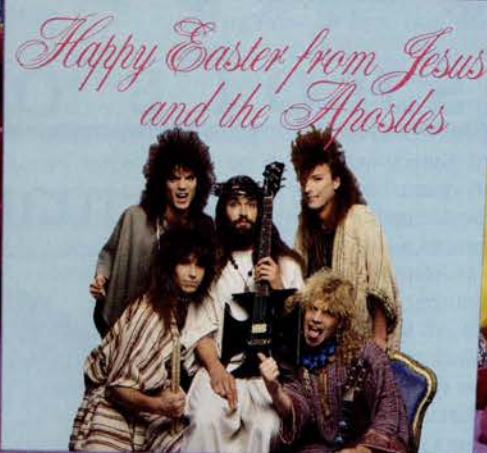


Divine Greetings

This Easter why not celebrate the resurrection by sending a message of love and music from the *Real Boss*. These beautiful greeting cards will not only remind friends and loved ones that Christ was the Son of God, but that He also carried a helluva tune.

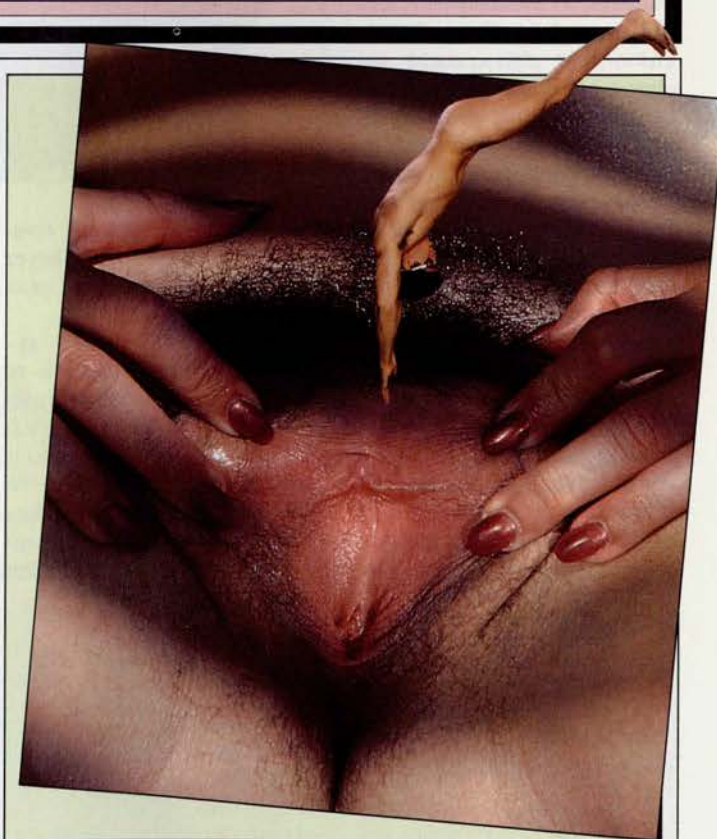
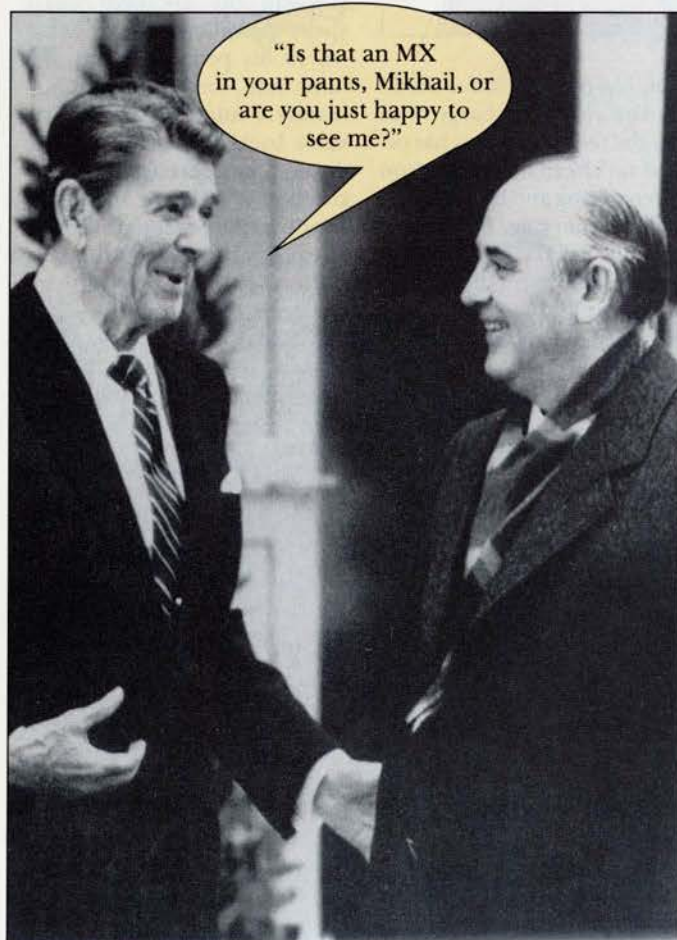


*Holiday Greetings
from
Jesus
and the
Pontius Sisters*



*Happy Easter from Jesus
and the Apostles*

GREAT MOMENTS IN POLITICS



Muff-Diving

If the Moral Majority and other Bible-toting right-wing conservative groups have their way, we'll never see this event scheduled at the 1988 Olympic Games in Seoul, South Korea. It's a shame too, because

word has it that young men across America have gone absolutely overboard perfecting a graceful technique that could give this country the sweet smell of victory in a really hairy sport.

HUSTLER®

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Porn From the Past



If you have a classic souvenir of yesteryear, send it to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay \$150 for any picture used. Please enclose an SASE if you want your smut returned.

Glad to Be Gay

Sure, the boys came out of the closet and proclaimed their homosexuality from Greenwich Village to West Hollywood, but how about the ladies? Have the eye-opening '80s touched something inside the fairer sex? Indeed, and the time has come for a magazine that can separate the women from the girls. *Today's Lesbian* does for dildototing dollies what *Blueboy* did for jizz-swallowing jocks. Open one and see!

TODAY'S LESBIAN

APRIL 1986 \$2.95

EXCLUSIVE
IT'S OKAY TO
HAVE FISH ON
YOUR BREATH

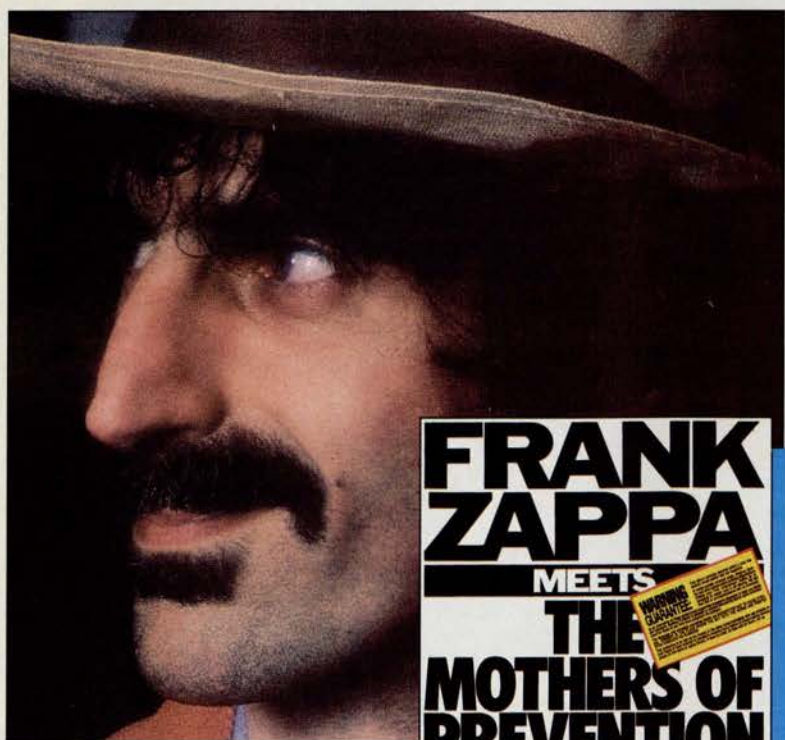
**DON'T CALL ME
DYKE; MY NAME'S
CHARLENE!**

**LEZZIE LIFESTYLES
OF THE RICH
AND FAMOUS**

**PENIS ENVY:
A THING OF
THE PAST**

Private Dick

Micky Spillane, move over. There's a new dick in town—a hard-workin', long-lasting stiff whose specialty is red-light back allies and smooth-talkin' dames who know the strokes. If the job's dirty, and no one can get to the bottom of things, call the dick with the unbeatable reputation. He even works nights.



FRANK ZAPPA MEETS THE MOTHERS OF PREVENTION

Get Zapped

Frunk Zappa, irreverent godfather of weird modern music, got his licks in during the recent Senate hearings on "porn rock." Now he's allowing Senators Danforth, Hawkins, Gore et al to speak on "Porn Wars," a track from his new album,

Frank Zappa Meets the Mothers of Prevention. These tapes from the hearings are a fascinating counterpoint to Zappa's quirky music, and they prove that the best way to make assholes out of the Parents Music Resource Center and its supporters is to let them speak.



Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

April 1986

Killer Coke

Cambridge, Massachusetts—The New Coke formula has proven to be a disappointment in more ways than one. Harvard Medical School has concluded that, in addition to having the more popular taste, Classic Coca-Cola is a more effective spermicide than the new version. Researchers completed their tests in an afternoon, pretty much as a joke. They stress that a soda-pop douche is not a viable form of birth control under any circumstances. Still, their tests of the sperm-killing abilities of the two products led them to conclude, in a study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, that "Classic Coke is it." No Pepsi Challenge is expected.

Dirty Doughnuts

Fort Lauderdale, Florida—Entrepreneur Andy Emery has a novel way of waking up folks in the morning. At his shop, R Donuts, a doughnut or a coffee is one buck. Sounds steep, but Emery expects his topless waitresses to keep business up. Fort Lauderdale Mayor Robert Dressler has received some complaints, but he points out, "I don't think we had the forethought to pass an ordinance against topless doughnut shops."

AIDS Buster

West Palm Beach, Florida—The killer disease AIDS has prompted the creation of Captain Condom. The captain, a giant prophylactic

with face and arms, is featured in posters distributed to gay bars in Palm Beach County. "Use me. Avoid AIDS," he declares. Along with the posters, the county is providing fishbowls of free condoms. No word yet on deals to merchandise the character in comic books or Saturday-morning cartoons.

Surprise, Surprise

Tegucigalpa, Honduras—After Rosalinda De Hernandez's spouse, Gustavo, was killed in a barroom brawl, she received further shocking news—at the time of death her husband was six months pregnant. She never suspected hubby was really a woman, although there were strange aspects to the couple's love life. She

had never seen Gustavo naked. A local gynecologist pointed out that the case illustrates the sexual ignorance of Hondurans.

What a Drag

Mexico City, Mexico—A notorious transvestite gang, which had netted \$300,000 over the past few years from armed holdups in Mexico's capital, has finally been captured. The five robbers, led by Carlos "Carol" Rodriguez Garcia and Pablo "Pamela" Flores, would dress in sexy women's clothing, flirt with bank tellers and shopkeepers, then pull guns or knives from their handbags. The macho Mex victims suffered not only financial loss, but considerable embarrassment.

Mammary Medication

If you're the sort of free-spirited gal who goes skiing without a bra or visits topless beaches in the dead of winter, you know that the wind and cold can be murder on your tits. But now those sensitive chapped nip-

ples need no longer be a source of pain and embarrassment. With new Blistit medicated boob balm, tits can be overexposed with no drying or cracking. Easy and fun to apply, it comes in a variety of mouth-watering flavors.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Uh-oh, George! Trouble! Our dates are wearing the same outfits!"

Contributors

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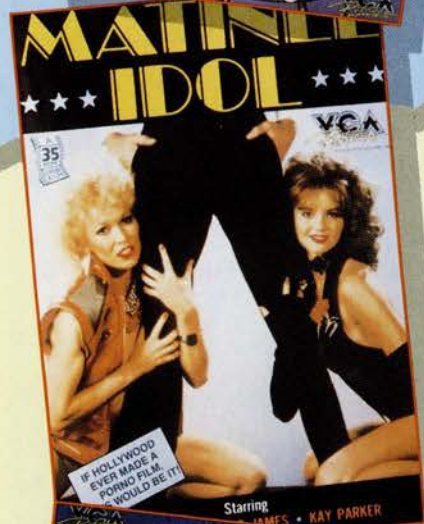
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AMBER LYNN

PORN'S BUSIEST BEAVER

Hard-core adult entertainment is a funny business. One minute you're a 19-year-old unemployed, slightly-better-than-average-looking female struggling to keep yourself in Spandex pants and tuna-fish sandwiches. The next—after a few introductions to the “right” people and a quart or two of cum past the gums—you're a star. A porn star that is. Gawked at by masses of frustrated men who slap your latest videocassette into their VCRs with unbridled anticipation that your flexing body and slurping tongue will give them the erogenous excitement they desire. Your sole purpose on this planet is to please—fuck, suck and scream so that your anonymous audience not only sees but *feels* your ecstasy and, more important, gets their voyeuristic money's worth. And if your name is Amber Lynn, you deliver the goods... in spades.

“I make love to the camera,” says the 21-year-old Southern California native, “because as far as I'm concerned, that camera is *people*—my fans, and they're watching me. I know they're jerking off out there, and that makes me very happy.”

The X-rated buying public appears to be just as happy about the situation as young Amber. They've made her—in just two short years—the hottest, most photographed hard-core heroine in erotic cinema. Among her 35mm-film credits are *Looking for Mr. Goodsex*, *Amber's Desires*, *Love Bites*, *Dear Fanny*, *Ten Little Maidens*, *Corporate Assets*, *The Grafenberg Spot*, *Girls of the Night*, *Future Sex* and the recently released big-budget period production *Trashy Lady*, which Amber calls her “favorite film to date.”

As for her shot-on-video catalog, the titles are mounting up like the national deficit: *Yellow Fever*, *Best Little Whorehouse in San Francisco*, *Beverly Hills Wives*, *Marina Heat*, *Love Button*, *Hollywood Heartbreakers*, *Holly Does Hollywood*, *She's a Boy Toy*, *Cottontail Club*, *Head Games*, *Starlets*, *Bodies by Jackie*, and so on and so on. The not-so-natural platinum blonde with the evil eyes, classic nose and sculpted body is one busy little—excuse the expression—beaver. She works almost every day for virtually every adult-film maker in the industry. And the prolific Ms. Lynn has no immediate plans of giving those beautiful buns a rest. She's just recently returned from Paris, where director Charles De

Santos featured her and sex star Sharon Mitchell in a four-title series of videos about a pair of American girls who fuck and suck a villaful of sexy Europeans. (See *French Flicking: A Behind-the-Scenes Look at Porn-Paris Style*, March '86 *HUSTLER*.)

It was on the set of those Parisian productions that *HUSTLER* Senior Editor Lonnn M. Friend finally caught hold of the amorous, adventurous Amber. The naughty nymphet with the self-proclaimed “come suck my pussy” look was quick to quip about sex, money, her fellow porn performers and what it's like being, as she puts it, a “hopeless exhibitionist.”

* * *

HUSTLER: It's a well-known fact that almost all female adult-film performers are bisexual. But is it true you'd never made love to a woman until you did it in front of the camera?

LYNN: Well, not entirely. The first girl I ever had sex with was Ginger Lynn, in private. She got me drunk on tequila shooters at this house in Malibu. I never wanted to be with another woman, but Ginger got me so wasted that day, I just went for it. She fucking raped me.

HUSTLER: Then you enjoyed the, shall we say, virgin experience?

LYNN: Fuck, yes! It was incredible. Ginger and I are the closest friends. She asked me to marry her once when we were in Washington. I love that girl.

HUSTLER: Have you and Ginger ever worked together on film?

LYNN: Oh, yeah, but I don't think anyone ever saw the scene. It was in the Mitchell Brothers' picture *The Grafenberg Spot*. Ginger and I had an incredible fist-fucking scene that was cut from the film. It caused quite a commotion. The Mitchells didn't want

any more problems with the police; so they cut every second of it out of the picture. And, God, what a scene it was!

HUSTLER: Tell us about it.

LYNN: Well, the scene took place in a clinic. Annette Haven was a doctor showing Ginger and I, the patients, how to find our G spots. We were laughing a lot as we started messing around. Then Ginger put all this K-Y Jelly on her hand. She had a rubber glove on and said to me, “I wonder how many fingers I can fit in there.” Then she stuck two fingers in my pussy and told me to breathe deep and let it out. All of a sudden she's got her



Lonnn M. Friend chats with Amber on location in Paris.

INTERVIEW BY LONN M. FRIEND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES





whole hand up to the knuckles in me. At that moment I felt the most incredible feeling of my life. I came and came and came and couldn't stop coming. They got a real-life G-spot orgasm out of me. I've never had another one like it, not even with a man.

HUSTLER: Filmmaker Lawrence T. Cole said that you're one of the few ladies who can really get off on film. We can assume, then, that you have had some Big Os with your onscreen male partners.

LYNN: Oh, sure. I always come great with my boyfriend, Jamie Gillis. He's the best, in private and on film. We had a wild scene together in *Ten Little Maidens*. Jamie started fucking me in an orgy scene at a dinner table. He was rubbing food all over me while sticking his dick in me.

Everyone around me was smothering food on each other. The scene really got out of hand, especially when Jamie shoved a pig's head down on my pussy. I remember at the end of the movie the director added a scene in which Harry Reems comes in a cherry pie and then slaps the pie in my face. Everyone started laughing at me. But I didn't think it was so funny; it ruined my makeup!

HUSTLER: Besides Jamie, what other leading men do you consider hot fucks?

LYNN: Herschel Savage is wonderful. So is Billy Dee; what an outrageous piece of ass that man is! Our fuck scene in *Future Sex* went on forever—a real classic. I love John Holmes too. He's a very sweet and sensitive man, but *enormous*. If he shoves it all the way in your mouth, you can't breathe or swallow.

HUSTLER: You're fucking so many men these days, aren't you afraid of AIDS? Many actors in the business are bisexual.

LYNN: There's an incredible fear of AIDS sweeping through the X-rated-film business right now. All of my girlfriends are talking about it. We're scared to death that we'll find out in three years we've only got a few







I can take any guy home from a set and fuck his brains out . . . and I have, but I'm working now, and this is my bread and butter. I love being a sex star, and sometimes you have to be a bitch to be successful."

months left.

HUSTLER: Why do you continue your promiscuous career then?

LYNN: I get a blood test regularly and am very careful about the people I work with. Hey, life's a fucking gamble anyway, and this is where I want to be. I can't think of doing anything else. That's not to say I'm reckless. For instance, I won't fuck some guy I know has been fucking a bunch of other guys—not for a lousy thousand dollars. It's not worth it to me, because if I get AIDS, then everyone I come in contact with gets it—and not just the people I work with, but the people I love and care about too.

HUSTLER: Let's get off this negative stuff and backtrack for a moment. Not to sound cliché, but how *did* you get started in this crazy business?

LYNN: I had a sugar daddy who was, you know, keeping me. Paying for everything. I didn't need a dime of my own and never had to work. Then I guess his wife found out, and he ran back to her, breaking it off with me. I was out in the cold. Then a friend of his asked me if I was interested in doing some masturbation stuff on video. I needed the money and said okay. I'd done still shoots for several magazines before that—a couple of them even appeared in **HUSTLER**. I've always loved for people to look at me; so this seemed perfect. The final decision to do hard-core, though, came about three o'clock one morning. I'd been up all night doing drugs, blown out of my mind on cocaine. Hell, I was on the set the next day, swallowing cock.

HUSTLER: Were drugs a big attraction for you in the beginning?

LYNN: When I first got into the business, I didn't do a lot of drugs. But later, when I started working more and money came rolling in, I started freebasing a lot. But you know, it wasn't just a drug addiction. I was addicted to clothes, food, partying in general. I spent money like water.

HUSTLER: Are you still a big drug user?

LYNN: Absolutely not. I'm definitely off my drug addiction, and I've never worked stoned on camera. My energy in front of the camera is natural. I get very excited and very nervous when the director shouts, "Action!" I'm an insatiable, hopeless exhi-

bitionist, and I love it when people are looking at me.

HUSTLER: There are individuals in the X-industry who think you're a bitch, a prima donna who's impossible to deal with. And then there are others, like veteran filmmaker Bruce Seven, who rank you right at the top. Seven told us, "Amber always puts 100% energy into her scenes and always wants to look like the sexiest slut in town." So, which is the real Amber Lynn?

LYNN: Both. There are some real scumbags in this business. They try to soak every extra little thing out of you they can possibly get. Some people say that I have a bad attitude and that I'm a bitch because when I make a deal to work for \$1,000 and do one sex scene, that's all I'm going to do. But then a director will say, "Oh, Amber, just give him a little head," you know, a freebie. Well, shit, it's not whether I want to suck cock or not. That's not the point. It's business. I can take any guy home from a set and fuck his brains out . . . and I have, but I'm working now, and this is my bread and butter. I love being a sex star, and sometimes you have to be a bitch to be successful.

HUSTLER: As a child, did you ever envision yourself doing what you're doing today?

LYNN: In my family we never thought of nude as naked. Things were pretty open. My parents died when I was very young, and my brothers were all I had. We stuck together and cared about each other a lot. [Amber's real-life brother Buck Adams is a rising porn stud who has starred with his sexy sis in several features, including *Best Little Whorehouse in San Francisco* and *Marina Heat*. They have not, however, done a sex scene together.] I was a very ugly child until I turned about 13. Then I got pretty hot. I was known as the school tease, always dressing in miniskirts and showing off my legs.

HUSTLER: Is it true you lost your cherry when you were eight years old?

LYNN: No, of course not. But I was eight when I first experienced a sexual feeling for someone. It was in the garage of our house in Orange County. I was with this little red-headed boy who lived in the house across







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MADE IN FRANCE



"Men who eat vegetables like celery and drink a lot of water, their cum tastes good. It's full of protein."

the street. We were like pulling down our pants and touching each other's private parts. It was all pretty innocent. But, you know, I remember that incident better than I do my *real* first time. I think I was partying with friends, and everyone was getting it on with one another; so I just decided to join in.

HUSTLER: What are your kinks?

LYNN: They vary from day to day. Sometimes I'm in the mood for dirty talk. The next day I want to be spanked and dominated. The next day I wanna mash balls! And then the next day I'm in the mood for love. But as far as pure sexual kink goes, I love to give head. Take the guy I sucked off yesterday. His cum was very creamy, and I rubbed it on my lips. I held it back away from my mouth as he was about to shoot his wad so it hit the back of my throat. Then I took his hard cock and rubbed it over my lips and face. *Ummm.*

HUSTLER: Do you like the taste of cum?

LYNN: Some men have great-tasting cum. Men who eat vegetables like celery and drink a lot of water, their cum tastes good. It's full of protein. I especially like it when it's real creamy.

HUSTLER: How does your boyfriend rank on the cum-flavor scale?

LYNN: Jamie's tastes weird sometimes because he eats a lot of garbage food, really gross stuff like broiled cow guts and pickled whitefish.

HUSTLER: Aside from oral sex, you obviously love being fucked. In fact, one of your more memorable performances comes in *Head Games*, in which you're double-penetrated in the pussy by Tom Byron and Marc Wallace. What was that scene like?

LYNN: Sheer ecstasy! It was the ultimate feeling of being fulfilled. You know, my cup runneth over! Both Tom and Marc are pretty well-endowed, and I was taking about all I could hold.

HUSTLER: It doesn't happen much in porn movies, but do you like it when a man comes inside you?

LYNN: Oh, yes. I really feel it because I'm very sensitive down there. I feel this warm sensation grow in my abdomen and spread through my stomach. It's very hot because cum gets hot from the man's body temperature rising while pumping his cock inside me. The more aggressive

the lover, the more you feel the surge of cum shooting into your body.

HUSTLER: You said earlier that some days you like to be dominated. Are you into S&M?

LYNN: I like being spanked, but I don't like being beat up. It's very nice to be spanked, but only to the point of pleasure, not pain. When it's just right, it gives my butt a little sting and sends a shock to my nervous system. On the other hand, I love to dominate men. Cock rings, they're great. I like to whip men too and then force them to eat my pussy. And pulling pubic hair—that's a favorite, along with dragging a man around by his balls. A rope around the balls can be very exciting. Jamie loves that!

HUSTLER: You appear to be replacing Traci Lords as America's new smut queen. Do you think you deserve the acclaim?

LYNN: Traci has never really turned me on. I always thought lightbulbs should be screwed into sockets and not planted on the end of a girl's chest. I've never done a sex scene with her, but I've seen her work. She's very sexy on film, but in person she's not sexy at all, not to mention she has a very bad attitude. I love to fuck, I love the audience, and I know the people watching me can sense that.

HUSTLER: Who else *don't* you admire in adult cinema?

LYNN: Angel. That girl is completely out to lunch. She just doesn't seem to be enjoying what she's doing at all. I've only met her once; so I shouldn't really talk. If I ever get a scene with that girl, I'm going to get her off... if it's the last thing I do! She's absolutely beautiful and absolutely boring. I think that's sad.

HUSTLER: Then you believe that women who don't like to fuck in front of the camera—and show it—have no business making adult films and videos?

LYNN: No way. It's a cheat to the audience. If you're beautiful, like Angel, but don't wanna fuck hard and long, stay out of the business. Be a model and wear your designer fashions, but stay the hell off a movie set. The people out there have to say to themselves when they're watching a scene, "Yeah, that girl *really* loves sucking cock."

HUSTLER: Is being a porn star the ultimate kick for you right now?

LYNN: At this time in my life I wouldn't be doing anything else. I'm having a lot of fun, making a ton of money and living the way I've made myself accustomed to. I didn't grow up a lucky kid with a silver spoon in my pussy, but I decided one day that I was gonna have what all the rich girls had—and more. I was going to be happy doing it. Hey, how many people do you know who thoroughly enjoy their work, make big money and have an orgasm a day? 🍆



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that goes down hard.



*Ad parody. Not to be taken seriously.

HOT LETTERS *(continued from page 10)*

She sucked on my throbbing clit as she shoved a finger deep into my hole. I was hers, and she knew it.

was much more sensual than a man's. As she switched from one nipple to the other, I arched my back upward, pushing my tits harder into her mouth.

It felt so good that I lost all track of time. Suddenly, she stopped, sat up and, while sitting on top of me, took off her own blouse and bra. Her nipples were large and dark-brown. I reached up and caressed both of her tits at the same time. She loved it. She tilted her head back and slowly began riding her hips back and forth like she was sitting on a man's cock. This really turned me on. I pumped back. It felt like I was fucking her. We kept pumping each other through our pants so that our pussies rubbed up against each other. Our clits swelled with arousal.

I loved her tits. I wanted them in my mouth; so I grabbed her by the shoulders and slowly pulled her down toward me. When she was just inches away from my face, I tongued one of her tits. It was small enough so that I could fit the whole thing into my mouth. I licked, sucked and kissed each of her breasts, giving her the same pleasure she gave me.

Andrea's nipples were now firm and erect. She reached down, gave me a kiss, then languorously ran her tongue down my cleavage to my stomach, stopping at my bellybutton to lick there for a moment. As she did, she unzipped my pants. Next, she slid them down over my legs. The moment she had them off, I spread my legs apart as she ran her tongue back up inside each of my thighs on her way to my pussy. But I still had my panties on.

Through the cotton material of my panties she ran her tongue up the crack of my cunt. My pussy lips immediately felt a tingle of delight. Then, placing her hands under my ass, she kissed my pussy like it was a mouth. I rolled around on the bed in excitement. Then, all of a sudden, in one smooth move she placed her fingers in my panties and pulled them down over my ankles.

Andrea gave me a wink, then stuck her head back between my legs. She parted my pussy lips with her tongue and sucked on my throbbing clit as she shoved a finger deep into my hole. I was hers, and she knew it.

My clit grew harder and harder the

more she sucked on it with her luscious lips. It was red-hot and eager to receive all the attention she could give. Slowly and deliberately she gave my clit a working over. Quickly, a warm, wonderful sensation built up deep inside of me. I spread my legs wider apart.

The longer she continued to suck and lick me, the more excited I became. My hips automatically rose off the bed. My nipples got harder. My pussy became very wet, and my throat became dry. Andrea had been between my legs for so long, her lips and my pussy felt inseparable. When she felt I was going to explode, she sucked on my clit with more zeal and rammed her finger in and out of my cunt faster and faster.

I stuck a finger into my mouth and bit on it. Andrea took both my legs and rolled them forward so my knees were against my chest. Now she could eat my pussy a lot better. She licked the lips, stuck her tongue deep into my hole and ravished my clit with her mouth.

Sensations became more intense. I felt a rush of pleasure start in my head and then move down my body to my snatch. Extending my hands over my head, I dug my nails into the bed. My whole body began to quiver, and I tossed my head from side to side as I felt my cunt ready to burst with joy.

Lovely Andrea reached up and fondled my sensitive nipples. I closed my eyes and pushed my pussy up, smashing it against her sweet mouth. She took my whole cunt in her mouth and sucked. That did it. My legs began to tremble. I arched my back more, grabbed her head with both hands and then screamed, "Don't stop!" Again and again my entire, sweaty body jerked in ecstasy.

I couldn't believe how long my climax lasted. She made love to me like I had never been made love to before. I felt incredibly sexy and content. I reached down and pulled Andrea up over me like a blanket. Wrapping my arms around her, I kissed her. She smiled and asked, "Did you enjoy that?"

"Oh, yes," I sighed. "Let me do that to you now."

"Perhaps another time," she said. "We don't have time right now. The train will be pulling into Vienna soon."

I was so wrapped up with the pleasure Andrea was giving me that I hadn't realized the time. Hours had passed. As I got dressed, I felt sorry I hadn't been able to return the pleasure Andrea had given me, but I was certainly thankful for our brief encounter.

-P. M.

Phoenix, Arizona



"No, we're not ghost busters . . . we're cherry busters."

Send your *Hot Letters* to HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.



"Hello, Acme Marital Aids?"



LOLA

The Family Jewel



Photography by James Baes





T

he soul of youth in the body of a woman," is how luscious Lola describes herself. Her moods swing from pouty brat to jeweled sex kitten. Despite her experience in the arts of love, Lola maintains a certain innocent wonder toward sex. "Every time is like the first time," she claims. "I can never get over how exquisite it is to have a man inside me." Like Peter Pan, our nubile nymphet hopes she never grows up. "I expect to be young at heart when I'm 80," she giggles, "and still as horny as hell!"





SIN & DEATH IN MORMON COUNTRY

A Latter-day Tragedy

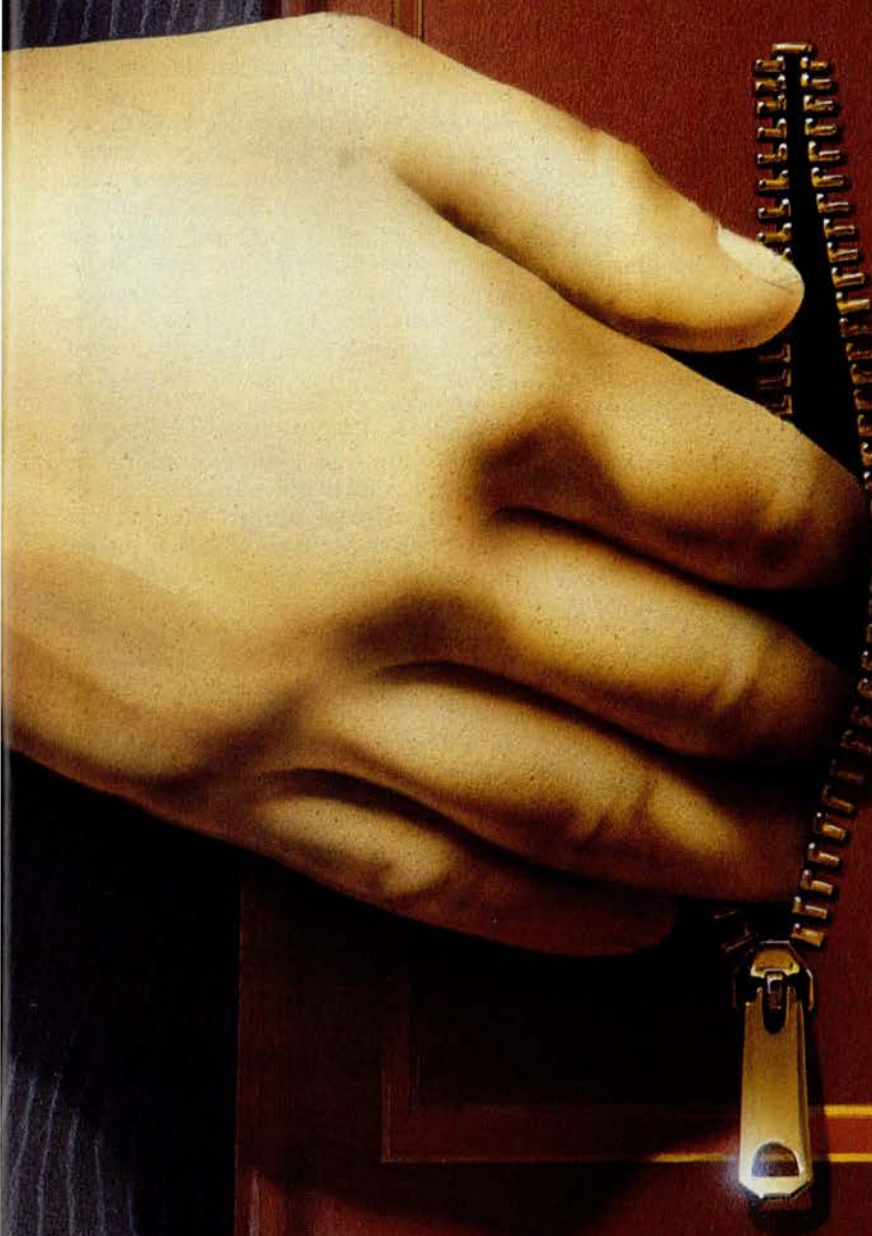
Teenager's suicide sparks a \$26-million lawsuit against the Mormon Church and its controversial sex-counseling.

Report by Mark A. Taylor

ILLUSTRATION BY W.C. STUDIOS



Book of Mormon



On March 2, 1982, Kip Eliason, age 16, distraught and filled with self-hate over his inability to stop masturbating, committed suicide. Before asphyxiating himself, Kip left his father a note:

Dear Dad,
I love you more than what words can say. If it were possible, I would stay alive for only you, for I really only love you, but it is not possible. I must first love myself, and I do not. The strange feeling of darkness and self-hate overpowers all my defenses. I must unfortunately yield to it. This turbulent feeling is only for a few to truly understand. I feel that you do not comprehend the immense feeling of self-hatred I have. This is the only way I feel that I can relieve myself of these feelings now. Carry on with your life and be happy. I love you more than words can say.

—Your son, Kip

Kip Eliason's five-year struggle to overcome masturbation started at age 11 when his grandmother persuaded him to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS), whose members are better known as Mormons. Kip was an intelligent and sensitive young man, perhaps too sensitive. The death of his moth-

er when the boy was six had profoundly affected him. At times he was quiet and reflective, spending hours alone in his room, and yet he was outgoing by nature. He was a born leader. His classmates and teachers admired him for his friendly way and all-American good looks. Kip was truthful and possessed a farm-community naiveté.

He loved the Mormon Church—which has 5.5 million members worldwide—and was devoted to its teachings. His father, Eugene Eliason, a non-Mormon, believes that in some ways the church may have played a substitute-mother role for the boy. (For clarity, Eugene Eliason will be referred to as Eliason throughout this report; his son will always be called Kip.)

Kip was not the kind of youngster you'd think would commit suicide, but when his church told him that he'd find guilt, depression and self-hate if he masturbated, he believed so. When it said he'd go to hell if he didn't stop, he believed that too. And when he was told that masturbation was a "building block of suicide," he took the church at its word.

Kip's death rocked the predominantly Mormon agribusiness community of Boise, Idaho, where he was a high-school senior at Capital High School. Of course, there were the stories that occasionally filtered through the congregation about

young people who, like Kip, committed suicide because they couldn't live up to the church's stringent antisex doctrines. But they were just stories and, if they were true, they didn't happen in Boise; they happened some 300 miles southeast, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Salt Lake City is the headquarters of the Mormon Church and the power base from which it wields enormous financial and political influence. (Mormons comprise 70% of Utah's population.) There Kip's death was indeed viewed by church leaders as an unfortunate tragedy, but it wasn't the isolated incident the church would like its brethren in Boise to believe.

Today Kip's story is one told more and more often in Mormon wardhouses. Behind the scenes the church and community mental-health agencies in Utah are quietly fighting a sex-related mental-health epidemic among Mormon men and women. Mental-health fallout in Utah communities has been substantial and pervasive. Utah has the highest birth-rate and the largest families in America. More than 50% of all births are by teenage mothers, with seven of ten out of wedlock, and it has one of the highest divorce rates in the nation.

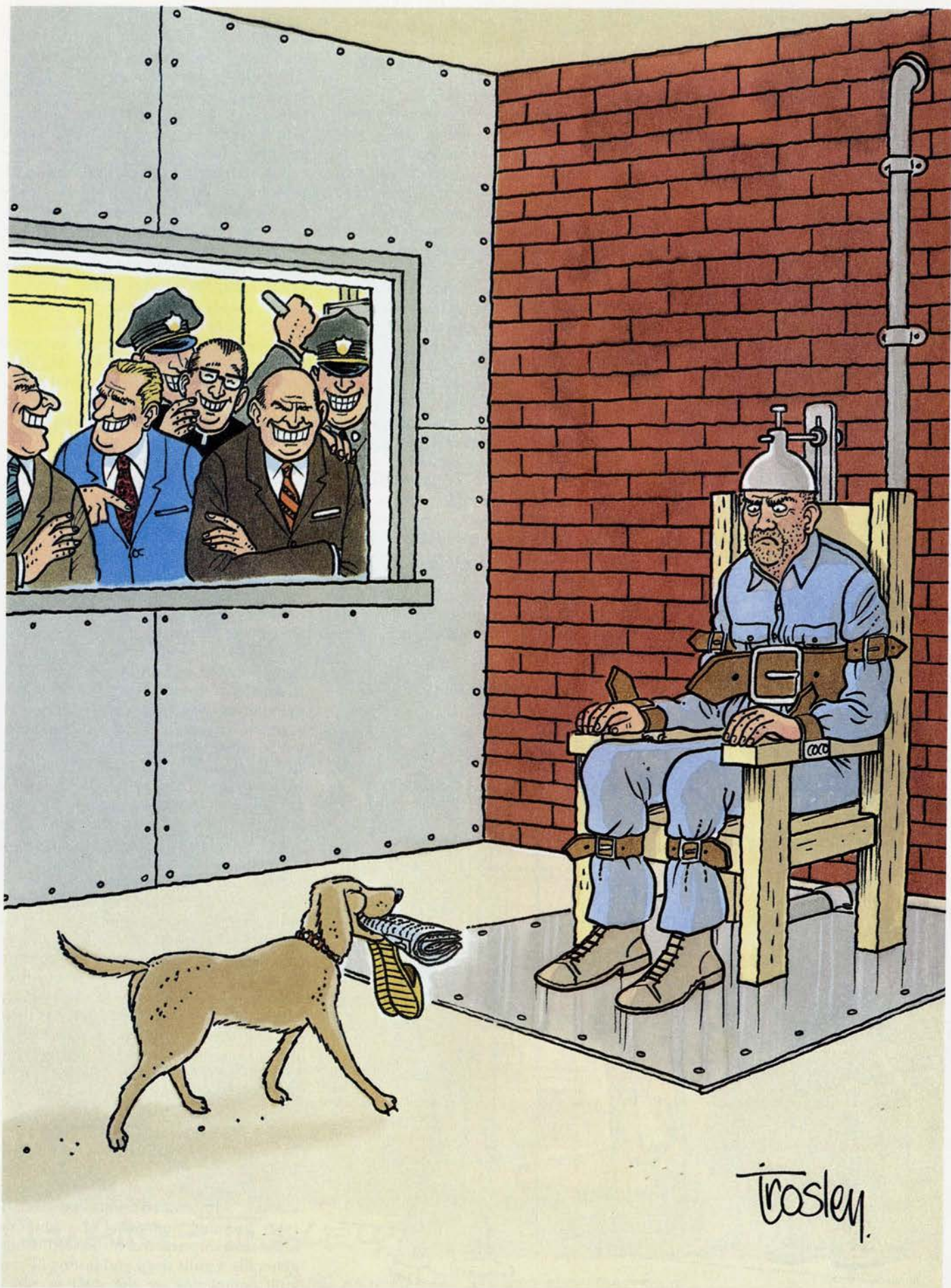
While the number of teen suicides in America has tripled in the past decade, Utah has consistently been 3.5% higher than the national average. According to that state's Department of Vital Statistics, it ranks 13th nationally in child abuse, but comparing Utah statistics with those compiled by the National Association for the Protection of Children, the incidence of reported child abuse is six times higher in Utah. The incidence of sexual abuse—including rape, incest and intercourse—is 33% more than the national average, and the child-murder rate is five times higher.

Besides having a powerhouse football team, the Mormons' very own Brigham Young University—alma mater of Donny and Marie Osmond and 1984 Miss America Sharlene Wells—has one of the highest coed-pregnancy rates in America.

Kip and countless others have fallen victim to guilt, self-hate, mental illness and suicide created by their inability to control healthy sexual desires as mandated by the Mormon Church. Making things worse is its amateurish attempts to provide counseling that utilizes powerful behavioral-modification techniques with inadequate training.

Mormon antisex indoctrinations start early. Children are taught that sex is dirty and disgusting, that it is the tool of Satan. The church uses guilt and the threat of eternal damnation to drive its message home. When a child reaches adolescence, the conflict between what he or she has





Mormons are taught that only by achieving perfection on Earth will they find eternal life in heaven.

learned and sexual feelings experienced can create devastating consequences.

After Kip's death, Eliason moved to Salt Lake City. He was angry and hurt. There he met parents who had stories like his—youngsters ending up in mental institutions or worse, committing suicide. Eliason worked through his grief and anger by talking to anyone willing to listen and by going to the library and researching teen suicide and the Mormons. In October 1983 he filed a \$26-million wrongful-death suit against the Mormon Church, alleging that the Latter-day Saints went a step further than just providing his son with spiritual, moral and personal guidance when they subjected him to sex- and masturbation-counseling. The suit accuses the church of negligence for providing counseling that fell outside the realm of religious teaching and for not requiring or providing training for its counselors.

The suit charges that this counseling combined with the church's harsh anti-masturbation indoctrinations were the direct cause of Kip's depression, self-hate, suicide attempts and eventual death.

Moreover, it alleges that the church knew or should have known that its attempts to indoctrinate and provide sexual counseling for Kip were having a severe and adverse reaction on him; yet they continued. The suit charges that this failure to exercise a proper standard of care was negligent.

The suit also contends that the Mormon Church subjected Kip to what amounted to an intentional attempt at mind control by using brainwashing techniques under the guise of spiritual teaching.

A pretrial affidavit was filed by noted sex-behavior expert Dr. Jack Annon, clinical and forensic psychologist, author of three books on sexual dysfunctions and disorders, and a member of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists and of other professional societies. Annon stated: "Based upon my review of even a limited amount of literature and on documentation specifically pertaining to Kip Eliason, it appears clear that the LDS Church promoted and engaged in behavior-modification counseling in the specific areas of masturbation."

In letters to his father and in his remarkably well-written journal, Kip chronicled his fight to overcome masturbation. He wrote: "I know immorality is a very serious sin. I really want to repent and be free of this terrible and degrading burden of masturbation. I am willing to do anything I have to do, even excommunication, to be able to repent and be free of this sin. I would rather go to hell and suffer there than be unworthy."

Eliason recalls that before Kip became involved with the church, he was happy as a lark: "He got along with everyone just beautifully. We water-skied, boated, fished, snow-skied and did everything together. We laughed and had a ball."

Mormons are taught that only by achieving perfection on Earth will they reach "godhood" and find eternal life in heaven. To reach "perfection" one must first be found "worthy." Bestowing "worthiness" is a shared responsibility between God and the church's elders.

For most Latter-day Saints, including Kip, the constant battle to become "worthy" is a hopeless struggle. Becoming "worthy" and ultimately reaching "perfection" means living up to the church's 4,300 commandments—including those condemning natural sex acts.

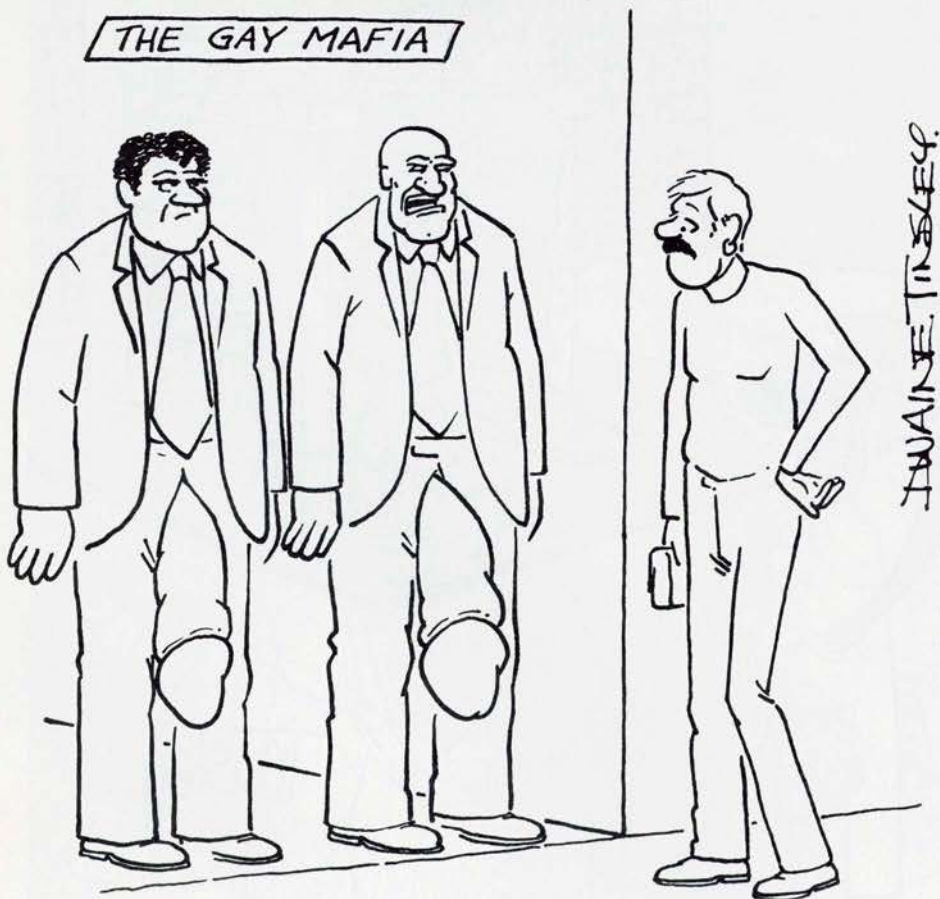
To his classmates at Capital High School and fellow Mormons, Kip seemed jovial, outgoing and, well, almost perfect. In many ways he was a model child—highly motivated, voted most inspirational member of the track team, a straight-A student, a seemingly well-adjusted individual immersed in his church beliefs and in striving for perfection. Mormon elders often used him as an example of what a fine young man should be, someone others could aspire to be like. Kip often talked about going to college and earning a degree in a humanitarian field.

Kip's aunt Janice Ballatore, an active Mormon with whom he lived for two summers, remembers him telling her of his masturbation problem one day while running errands: "I told him not to worry, that all young boys probably do it. He seemed very relieved. Kip was a smart, good-looking kid who took the church perfection business seriously. He really thought he could be perfect. He said, 'The church told me I could if I really wanted to try.'"

MORMON SEX "EDUCATION"

In a devotional speech to young adults in 1974 the late Spencer W. Kimball, Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the Mormon Church, admonished teenagers: "Immorality [petting, premarital sex, adultery, homosexuality and masturbation] brings generally a guilt deep and lasting. These guilt complexes are the stuff of which

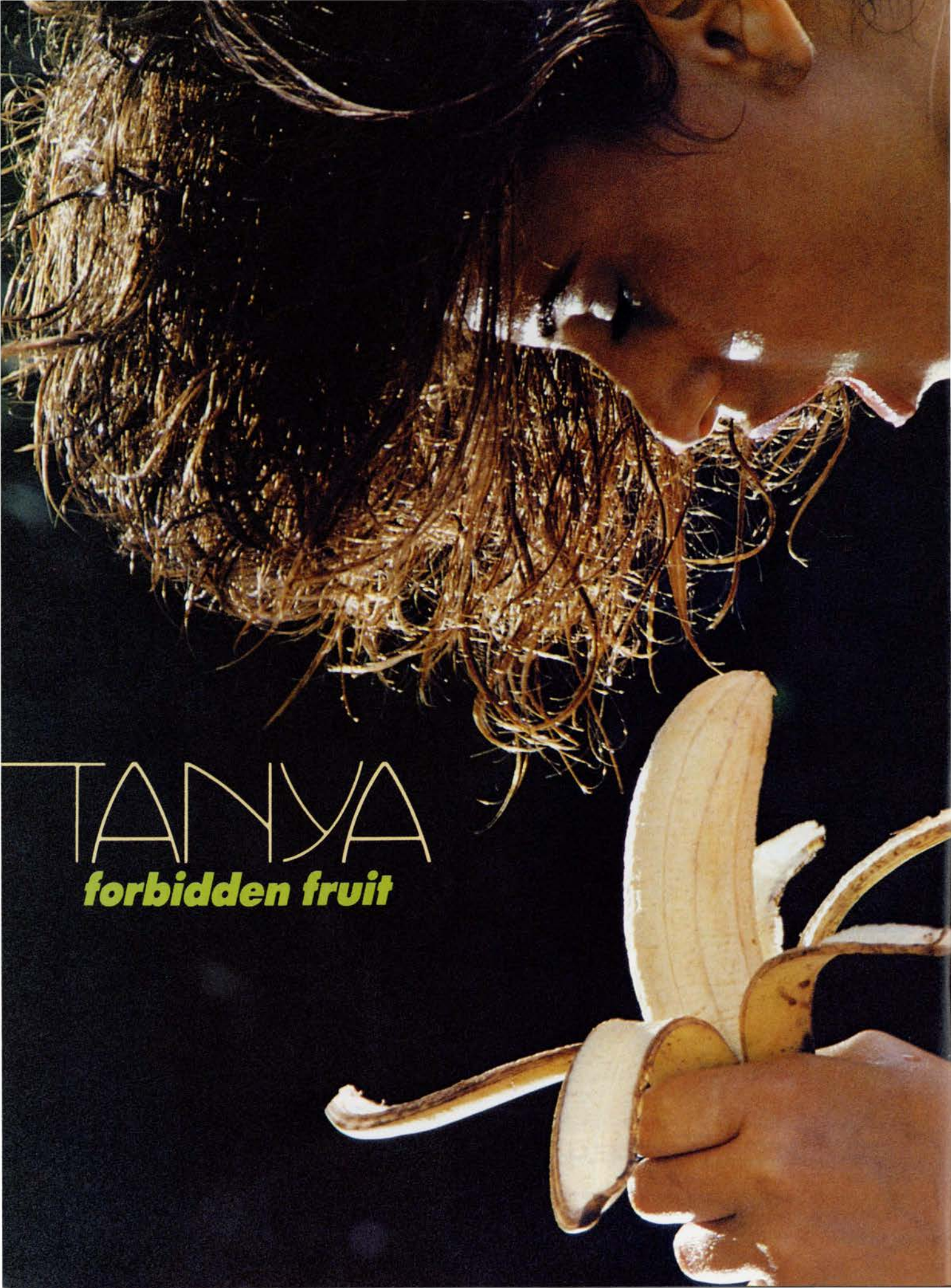
(continued on page 88)



"We're gonna make you an offer you can't refuse."

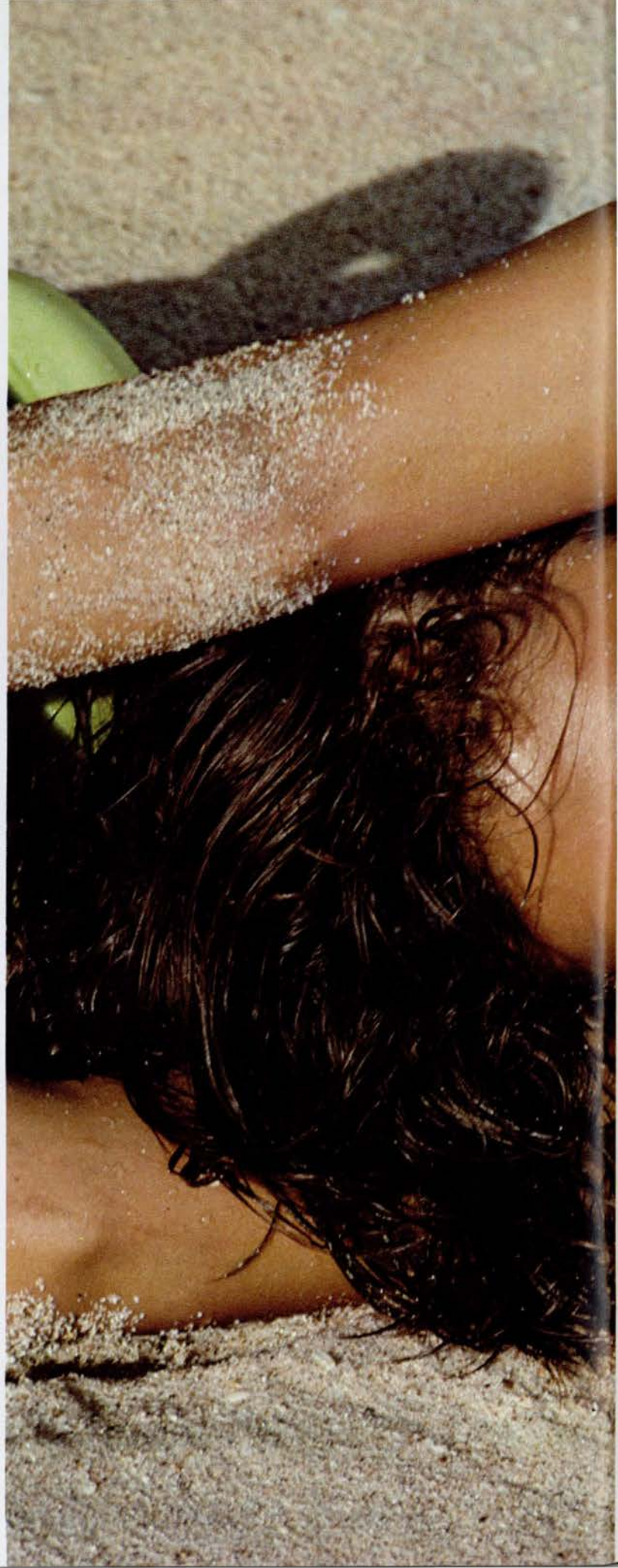


"Ethel, we need to talk sincerely about the amount of pussy I've been getting around here. . . ."



TANYA
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Like the bananas she adores, Tanya is ripened to perfection. "But I think of myself as more of a passion fruit," she laughs. It's a pity that girls like her don't grow on trees.















Let's go
bananas!
Love,
Tanya



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HUSTLER HUMOR



A priest who had just joined the Gold Club turned up at the first tee looking like any other weekend player in his sport shirt and slacks. He had difficulty finding a partner, though, until he was finally approached by a man who suggested that they play a round together for two bucks a hole. The clergyman agreed, but regretted his decision as he lost every one. After changing back into his clerical garb, he met his fellow golfer to pay off the bet. The man muttered apologetically, "Hey, I'm sorry, Father, but I wouldn't have taken your money if I'd known you were a man of the cloth. You see, I'm the club pro here."

"That's quite all right," the priest said benignly. "To prove there are no hard feelings, bring your parents around to the church sometime, and I'll be glad to marry them."

After a hard day's work Joe came home to his wife and asked her to make dinner while he took a shower. After cleaning up, he sat down at the kitchen table and noticed only a couple of carrots and a head of lettuce on his plate. "Hey, what in the hell kind of dinner is this?" he asked.

She looked at him and responded, "Well, dear, I figured that since you fuck like a rabbit, you might as well eat like one too."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *saltpeter* as: a peck-wrecker.

A Hollywood hooker propositioned a guy at a crosswalk. "Sorry," the prospective trick said. "All I've got is five bucks."

The hooker took the five and said, "Well, for that kind of money all I can let you do is take a look at my pussy." The streetwalker led the man to an alley, where she hiked up her skirt. Since it was so dark, the guy used a cigarette lighter to see her bare bush better. "Can I ask you a personal question?" he inquired.

"Sure, go ahead," the hooker replied.

"Can you really piss through all that hair?"

"Yeah," said the girl.

"Then you'd better start now," the man muttered, "because your twat's on fire!"

An old banker went to a massage parlor, where he was served by a beautiful topless girl. After the standard rubdown the girl asked if the gentleman would like a "relief massage." Rather proud of his continued virility, he agreed. "But," he added, "I'm not paying very much extra. I've got a business to support."

The masseuse told the old man that the charge was \$20, but he insisted on haggling. Eventually, the girl was forced to accept only \$10 and went to work. As she put his cock into her mouth, the old banker looked down at her and said, "Now listen, young lady. I have to warn you, I'm still pretty virile. When I shout, 'Stand back,' you'd better. I'm real explosive."

Meanwhile, the masseuse just kept on sucking. Suddenly, the old man shouted, "Stand back!"

The girl smiled and put one finger over the tip of the geezer's dick. "Now listen, pal. I've got a business to support. Make it \$100, or I'll blow your balls up!"

Question: How do you make that new drink called the Klinghoffer?

Answer: Two shots and a splash!

When a persistent pain in his rectum didn't ease after several days, a gay lumberjack made an appointment to see his proctologist. During the examination the physician was shocked to find a bouquet lodged up the man's ass.

"Where in the hell did these come from?" the astonished doctor asked as he removed the flowers.

"I'm not sure," said the lumberjack, smiling. "Why don't you read the card?"

Two drunks staggered out of a bar and inadvertently began walking down a railroad track. About an hour later one said to the other, "This is the longest stairway I've ever been on."

"It's not the distance that bothers me," the other drunk replied. "These low handrails are killing me!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *golden showers* as: holy water.

Stanley's wife had died, and at the graveside rites he put on quite a show of grief. He kept yelling, pulling at his hair and wailing, "What am I gonna do? What am I gonna do?"

The minister came over to him and said, "My son, I know this is a time of sorrow for you, but eventually you'll meet some fine woman, get married again and forget all about this in the years to come."

"Yeah, Reverend, I know all that," Stan said, "but what am I gonna do tonight?!"

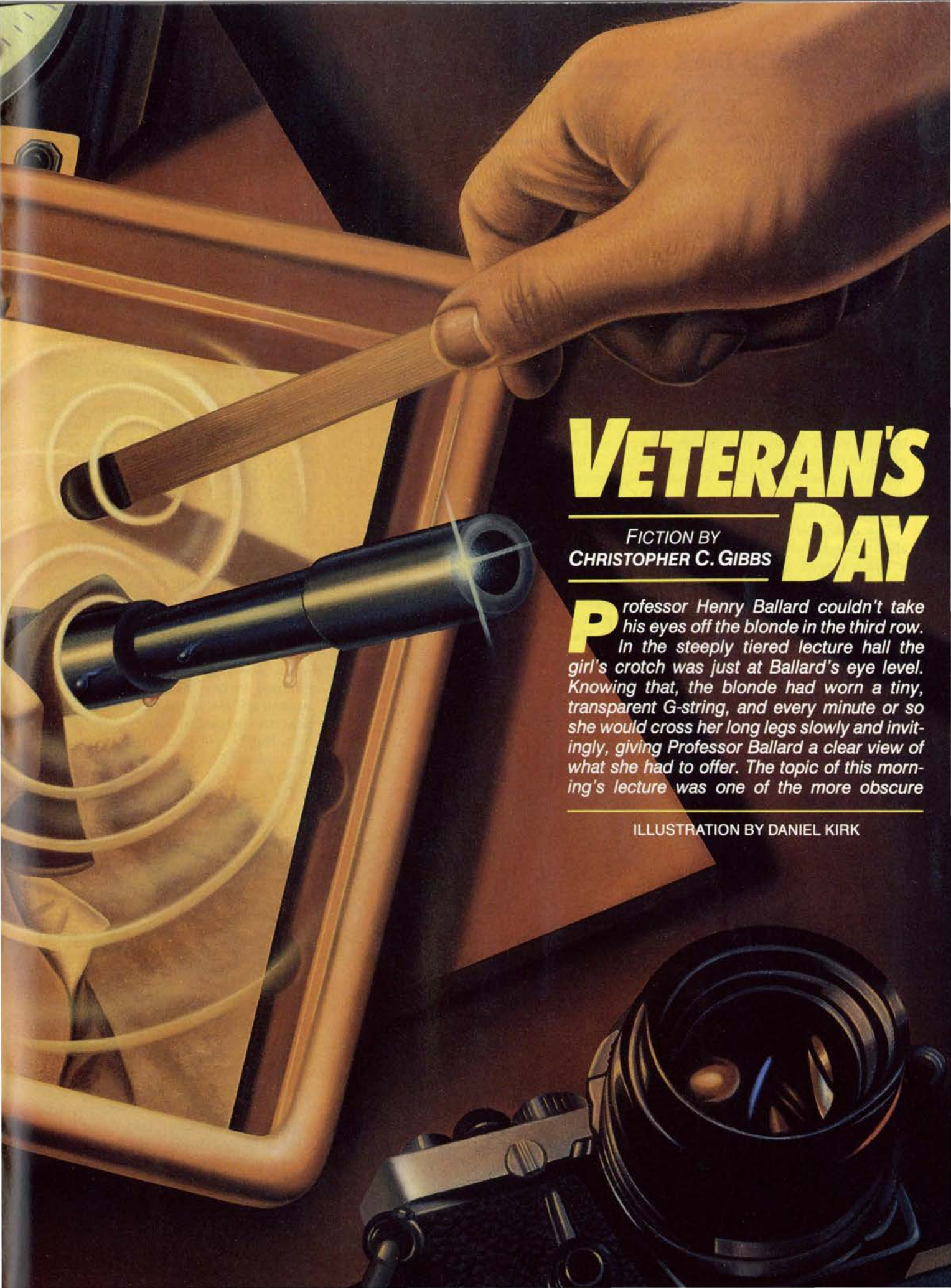
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Ghester the Molester



IWAINE TINSLEY





VETERAN'S DAY

FICTION BY
CHRISTOPHER C. GIBBS

Professor Henry Ballard couldn't take his eyes off the blonde in the third row. In the steeply tiered lecture hall the girl's crotch was just at Ballard's eye level. Knowing that, the blonde had worn a tiny, transparent G-string, and every minute or so she would cross her long legs slowly and invitingly, giving Professor Ballard a clear view of what she had to offer. The topic of this morning's lecture was one of the more obscure

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL KIRK

The blonde was struggling, panic in her eyes. "Tommy, I was just trying to get an A in history," she whined.

corners of American history. Ballard adjusted his gold wire-rimmed spectacles and waited for the blonde to cross her legs again. He was giving the lecture purely on autopilot, which wasn't hard, since he'd recently written a book on the subject. But when the bell sounded to end the hour, Ballard stopped speaking in midsentence with absolutely no idea of what he'd been saying.

"We'll take up this question again on Monday," Ballard shouted over the clamor of 300 students gathering up books and tramping for exits. Several remained behind, as usual, waiting respectfully while he put away his notecards. The blonde stood at the rear of the little group as if waiting her turn. Ballard dealt with the others as quickly as possible, until only the blonde was left.

"Yes, Ms. Landers?"

"I was wondering if I could talk to you about my term paper," she said. A hint of a smile played at the corners of her mouth.

"Of course, Ms. Landers." Ballard gestured toward the door. "Let's go up to my office."

Ballard's office was on the third floor of a run-down building that was a hive of faculty offices overlooking a grimy alley. He followed her up the dusty stairs, mesmerized by the rhythmic twitching of her hips, the pumping of her legs. Ballard's office was cramped and tiny and jammed with books and piles of unreturned exams and term papers. He waited excitedly by his desk while his sexy student closed the door behind her. She was so young, so lovely, that it took his breath away. Then she turned and walked slowly to him until her sharp little breasts brushed his chest. She tilted her head back, looked into his eyes and grinned wickedly.

"Before we talk about my paper, Professor Ballard," she said, "do you think you could fuck me?"

Ballard laughed and pulled her to him, kissing her ripe mouth with a lust that made him dizzy. She gripped his buttocks, and he felt himself stiffen against her. She felt it too and began to rub against him in a way that aroused him even more.

"Janet, darling," he said huskily. "You

really shouldn't sit like that in class!"

"Sit like what?" she asked innocently.

"You know what I mean. It makes it hard for me to lecture. And, besides, somebody might notice."

"So what if they did?" She pulled back from him and began to unbutton her prim white blouse. She tossed it over a chair and quickly removed the wispy little bra that barely covered her breasts. They were high and firm and fit perfectly into the palms of Ballard's hands. He caressed them until she was thrusting her hips at him. Panting, she hiked up her already short skirt and untied the ribbon that held her G-string in place, letting it fall. Then she pushed aside a mountain of papers and hopped up onto the edge of the desk, her stocking-clad legs wide apart.

Ballard stood between the girl's legs. He could hear muffled voices and people coming and going in the hallway outside. He smiled to himself because he was inside, with a young beauty who for some reason wanted to have sex with him all the time. He kissed her as her hands tugged at his belt. He removed his jacket and shirt with shaking fingers. Soon his trousers and underpants were in a bunch around his ankles, and she had one hand on his cock and one squeezing his balls. He bent to suck at her hard nipples while her hand slid back and forth on him. With a sigh she pulled him to her and into her.

She was tight and wet, and Ballard pumped at her, his balls slapping her smooth ass. He was so busy that he didn't hear the unlocked door open behind him. But he did hear the click-whirr of the camera, and he saw the flash of the strobe.

The professor pulled back and turned, his cock waving in the air. He tried to step, but tripped over his trousers, falling to the floor while the camera clicked again and again. He struggled to get to his feet, to pull his trousers up, but a large, meaty hand pushed him down. Through the bright spots dancing in his eyes, Ballard saw three young men, one holding a 35mm camera with flash attachment, looking down at him and grinning.

Ballard sat and waited. The blonde was struggling to get dressed, a look of panic in her eyes. She tried to leave, but the three blocked her.

"Honest, Tommy, I was just trying to get an A in history," she whined.

"Shut up, cunt," said Tommy, who turned to Ballard and said, "Just listen. This is Roger Burns." He pointed to a young giant, 6-4, 220 pounds, wearing cutoff jeans and a sleeveless sweatshirt that displayed muscles like knotted ship cables. "And this is Joel Gilbert," he added, indicating the young man with the

APRIL HUSTLER





"This one's a must for married guys . . . exploding tampons."

VETERAN'S DAY *(continued from page 68)*

He learned how to stalk the Viet Cong in their own jungle, how to kill suddenly and silently.

camera, whose hair was cut almost to his skull. Gilbert wore pressed Army fatigue pants and an olive-green T-shirt with a death's head and the words "Airborne Recon! Death From Above!" on it. The handle of a knife stuck out of the top of one paratrooper jump boot.

"And I'm Thomas Hill," he continued, "the man whose girlfriend you've been fucking for the past six weeks."

Ballard knew Hill only by reputation. The slim, handsome young man who stood before him, impeccably attired in gray slacks and navy blazer, was one of the university's all-time outstanding students. Straight-A scholar, president of his fraternity, president of the Student Senate and a star third baseman. He seemed a natural to play major-league baseball, but there was also a vice-presidency awaiting him at a prestigious brokerage house on Wall Street, the one owned by his father, as soon as he graduated.

At the moment, however, the young man's aristocratic features were twisted with rage and hatred. "Nobody," he whispered harshly, "and I mean nobody, Pro-

fessor Ballard, takes from me without paying. By fucking little Janet here, you took from me."

"How was I—" Ballard began.

"Shut up, you fat little maggot," Hill ordered flatly. "You will pay me the sum of \$10,000 by one week from today. A token payment, really, money that I hardly need, but it will compensate me for the loss of Janet's services."

"But I don't have that kind of—"

Hill slapped Ballard across the mouth. "How you get the money is up to you. I'm sure it will be easier than explaining these pictures to your wife . . . or to the Tenure Committee."

Ballard felt the blood drain from his face.

"Oh, yes. We know about that," said Hill smugly. "You're up for tenure, but what would happen if copies of these pictures were to circulate? A married professor engaging in sex with a student would definitely interest a lot of people. These pictures would ruin you. So just wait for my call, Professor. In a couple of days I'll tell you when and where to make payment for the negatives."

After the three young men dragged Janet off, Ballard got to his feet and dressed. He went to his desk and sat in his worn swivel chair, not moving for an hour, just staring, unseeing, at the far wall of his office.

At first he was embarrassed, stung by the contempt with which the students, the blonde included, had treated him. No wonder they had laughed at him, but then Ballard got mad. All the years of study, of effort, were about to go down the tubes because some chick was cheating on her rich, spoiled boyfriend. And now this guy was going to deprive him of the financial and professional security that had been his goal ever since he'd been born the fourth child of a poor Ozark farmer who died of overwork and despair. With the farm and his mother both wearing out fast, Ballard decided at 18 that the only way he could help was to join the Army. He was a wimp with glasses and a pot belly that wouldn't go away, no matter how many sit-ups he did, but in that hot summer of 1968 the Army was glad to have him. Within six months Ballard was in Vietnam—Zone C, the Parrot's Beak, Michelin Plantation, An Loc, Quan Loi. Even now the names lived in his memory. And the heat. The smell. The fine red dust that coated everything, that seeped into every crack and crevice, fouling his weapon, his teeth, his eyes.

Ballard found out early that he was a loner who chafed at the confines of squad and platoon action. Fortunately, a sharp first sergeant, a fat black man named Anderson, also spotted that trait. Anderson ran long-range reconnaissance patrols for Battalion. So Ballard spent 13 months in 'Nam, living in the bush and off it, eating monkey meat, or chili that came in cellophane bags. He thinned out to a hollow-eyed 150 pounds. He learned how to stalk the Viet Cong in their own jungle, how to watch without being seen, how to listen without being heard. How to kill suddenly and silently when it was absolutely necessary.

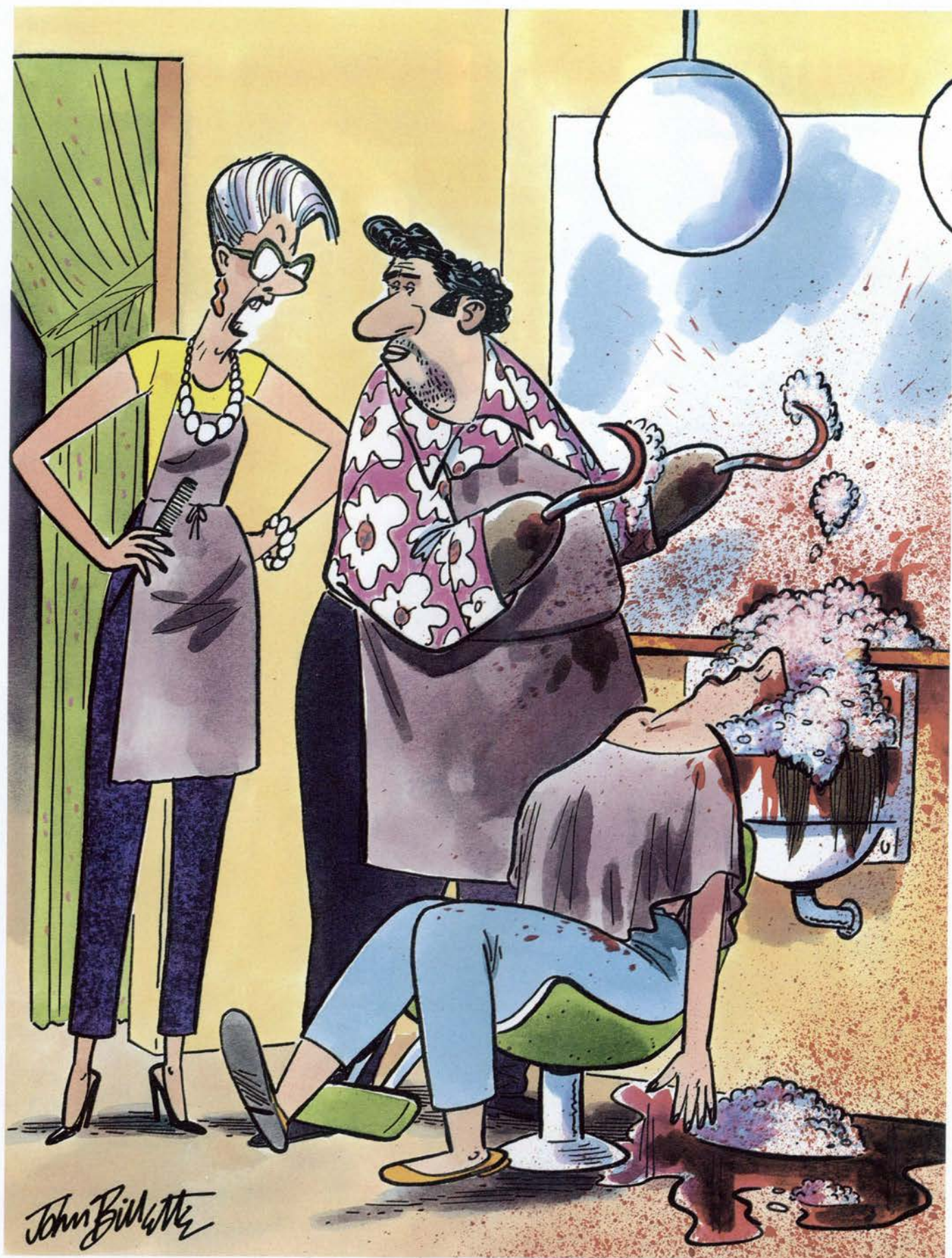
Afterward, with the money he'd saved and the GI Bill he went to college. He had a knack for the lonely hours of study, and in eight years he had a doctorate. He got a teaching job, the one he had now, almost at once, and married a fellow graduate student named Molly, an intelligent, pleasant, bland young lady whose specialty was women's history.

Soon Ballard's first book was accepted for publication, and now he was up for tenure. The odds were in his favor, and he knew it. If he made it, he couldn't be fired for anything short of sodomizing the dean of men in the chapel during Easter services. But these damned students were about to take all that away from

(continued on page 80)



"Hello, Falwell? J. C. here. Please stop using My name to rip people off!"



"I've told you, Ramone; let me shampoo the customers."

Choir Practice





Photography by Clive McLean

A little private practice seems in order for Paul, the promising young tenor; so his worldly-wise choirleader, Shana, arranges a private meeting. It quickly becomes apparent, however, that Shana plans to fine-tune an instrument far more sensitive than the lad's voice. He approaches her with the same reverence he shows when entering a church, gently parting the portals of paradise and making his way to the inner sanctum. Then she plays new and heavenly notes upon Paul's organ until both of them are transported to another realm. Exhausted from worshipping at the altar of each other's body, the lovers vow to make these devotions religiously from now on.

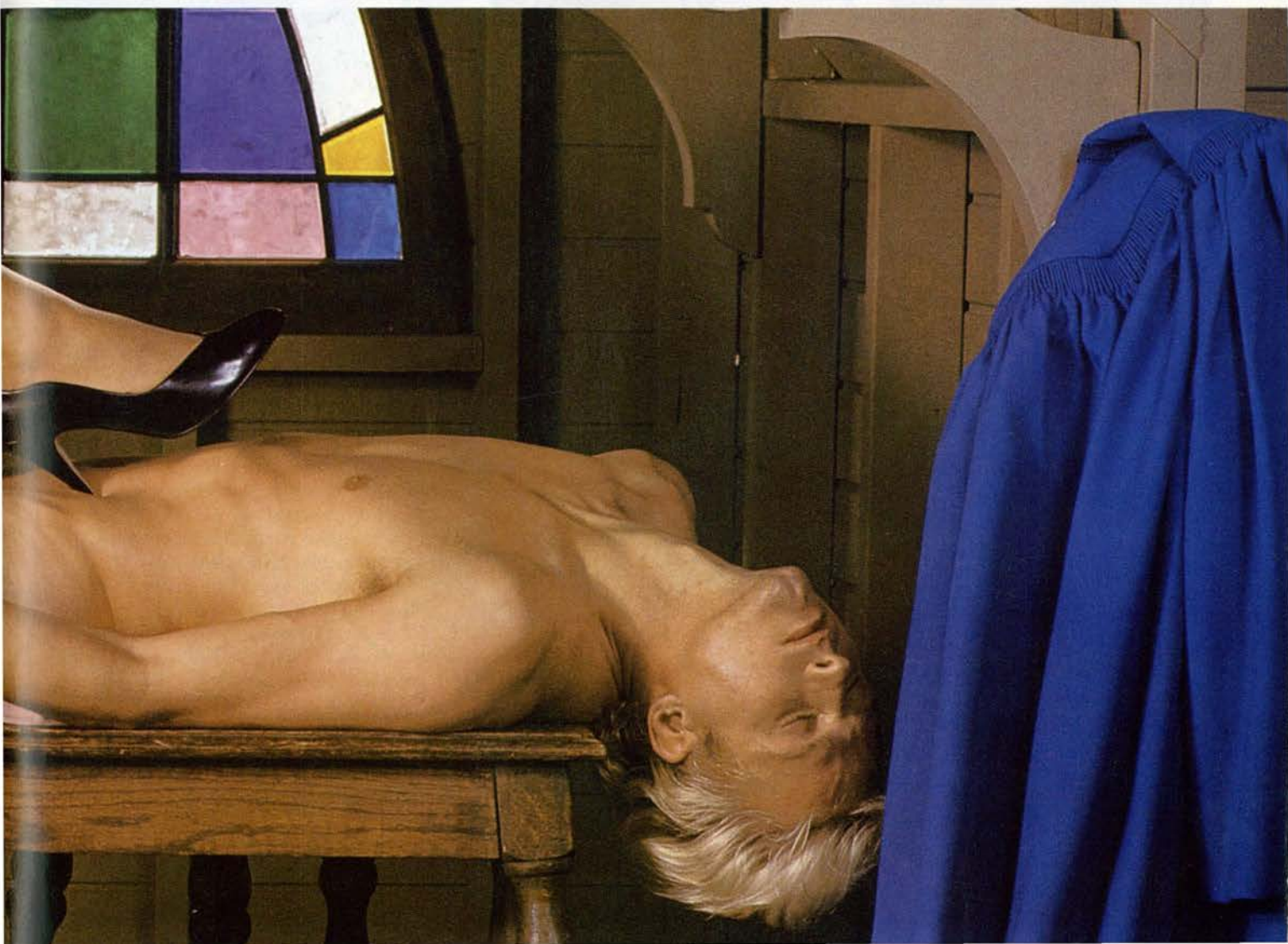












VETERAN'S DAY (continued from page 70)

Even though his once finely honed skills had rusted, Thomas Hill and his friends weren't going to destroy him.

him. Because Hill was right. All it would take to destroy him would be for those compromising photographs of him with the blonde to get around.

Ballard cursed out loud. What a fool he'd been to think Janet really liked him. After six years of marriage he was more than ready to cheat when a cute, sexy 19-year-old student had inexplicably thrown herself at him.

He cursed again. Ballard stood up and looked down at his now-substantial girth. Even though he was out of shape, and his once finely honed skills had rusted, Thomas Hill and his friends weren't going to destroy him. Roger Burns, the hulking wrestler; Joel Gilbert, the hot-shit ROTC jock; and Hill, the guy who had had things his own way all his life. These people would suffer for what they were trying to do to him.

* * *

By early afternoon, Ballard had the beginnings of a plan. He located a Vietnam buddy, who'd found Hill's room in the frat house, Burns's off-campus pigsty and Gilbert's spartan dorm room. Then the professor went home and left a note,

telling Molly that he had to grade papers and wouldn't be home until late.

A few questions around campus revealed to Ballard that Hill, Gilbert and the blonde had gone off somewhere. Perhaps to Arrow Lake, where Hill's family owned a cabin; nobody knew for sure.

Having lost track of the others, Ballard concentrated on Burns. Ballard sat under a tree outside the gym and waited until wrestling practice was over. Burns finally appeared, hair still wet from a shower, laughing and talking with several muscular, but much smaller, friends. Watching Burns, Ballard was astonished at how much bigger he was than even his fellow behemoths. He began to think that maybe he'd made a mistake in not bringing a weapon. Say a 105mm howitzer.

He followed along until they'd gone their separate ways, Burns sauntering down a tree-lined walk along the edge of campus with the slight swagger of the physically confident. "Burns!" Ballard called out when he was about ten paces behind the wrestler. Burns stopped and turned, smiling when he saw Ballard.

"Whaddaya want, Professor?" Burns

asked, hooking his thumbs into his pockets and flexing his shoulders.

Ballard walked up until he was about five feet away and said, "I want you to tell me where Gilbert, Hill and the girl split to and where they put those fuckin' pictures."

Burns towered over him. "Fuck you, pal."

"Just tell me, Burns," said Ballard. He took off his spectacles and snapped them carefully into their case. "I don't want to hurt you."

"That's okay," Burns said, going into a slight crouch, his hands out, ready to grapple. "Because I want to hurt you."

With a speed out of all proportion to his size, Burns attacked, but Ballard wasn't worried. The Vietnam vet smoothly executed *shiho-nage*, the "four directions throw." Ballard's movement—combined with Burns's weight, strength and speed—dislocated the wrestler's right wrist, elbow and shoulder before he landed, screaming, on his back on the concrete. Ballard, now down on one knee, Burns's useless right hand held gently in his own, next applied *atemi* with the cutting edge of his left palm to the big man's nose, causing it to bleed and stunning Burns into semiconsciousness. Ballard hoisted Burns onto his shoulders and trotted off to his decrepit light-blue Volkswagen Beetle. There was a faded yellow daisy pasted on the trunk.

* * *

An hour later, at dusk, Ballard drove south with Burns trussed up like a pork roast on the seat beside him. Fearing for his life, he'd told the professor everything he knew. Now he slumped against the door of the VW, the pain agonizing, but what was worse was knowing that he'd probably never wrestle competitively again.

Thanks to Burns, Ballard now knew that Hill, Gilbert and Janet had indeed gone to Arrow Lake and were staying at the cabin owned by Hill's parents. As far as Burns knew, they had taken the negatives with them, along with a large supply of liquor and dope. Burns was to join them after wrestling practice, and they were going to party all weekend and fine-tune their blackmail attempt.

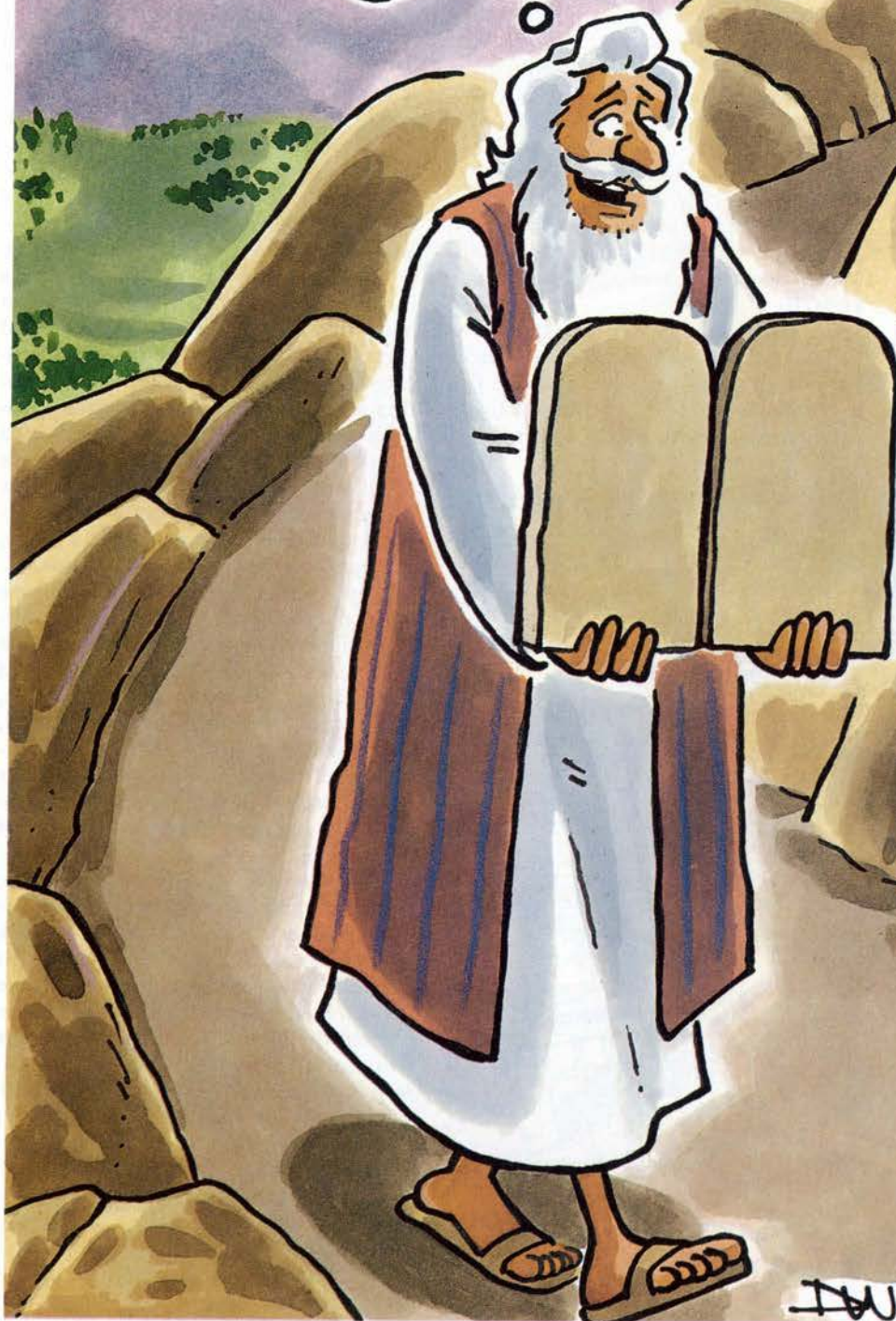
It was dark when Ballard reached the lake. The cabin was more than a hundred yards away, but he could still hear the rock music blaring through the crisp autumn air. He pushed Burns out of the car and left him bound and gagged, lying on the ground. Then, as Burns watched, the pudgy, wimpy history professor stuffed a coil of nylon cord into his pocket and disappeared without a sound into the brush.

About 25 yards from the cabin, Ballard found just what he'd expected. Joel Gil-



"Damn! That was the best phone sex I ever had!"

HOT DOG! **HE** DIDN'T
SAY A DAMN THING
ABOUT BUTT-FUCKING!



DAVIDE TINSLEY

VETERAN'S DAY *(continued from page 80)*

Her braless breasts jiggled tightly, erect nipples straining against the thin material of the blouse.

bert, armed to the teeth, was guarding the road to the cabin. Ballard, standing motionless not five paces away, had to stifle a snort of derision. *What an asshole*, he thought, watching Gilbert peer fiercely into the darkness, his M-16 at the ready. The fearless ROTC "killer," with his over-size survival knife at his waist, his backup dagger in his boot, his .45 Colt Commander and his trusty M-16, kept moving about, scuffling the leaves and snapping twigs. *The son of a bitch wouldn't have lasted ten minutes in 'Nam.*

Gilbert was a fool, but Ballard wasn't taking the situation lightly. He didn't want to alert those smart-ass collegians. He knew he'd have to move carefully. He took the nylon rope from his pocket, got out his Swiss army knife and moved back into the brush. He worked quickly and quietly, smiling to himself, knowing that nothing made a man more cooperative than a sudden blow from the darkness. Then, his work completed, he returned to Gilbert's position. He began to shake the small shrub next to him carefully.

The ROTC rat's head snapped up at once, eyes searching for the sound. Bal-

lard backed away and rattled some more leaves. Gilbert, no doubt walking as silently as he could, crashed into the bushes after him. In this way, Ballard led Gilbert in ever-smaller circles until the young man was completely confused, stumbling blindly and positioned correctly. At that point, Ballard stopped, stood in the open and waited, one hand holding a length of the nylon cord.

Gilbert soon came blundering along, recoiling in shock when he saw Ballard. He dropped his rifle, and Ballard breathed easy when it didn't go off. Before Gilbert could stoop to pick it up, Ballard pulled the rope, and instantly a deadfall made of an oak log three feet long and ten inches thick swept down from the trees above them, catching the would-be soldier squarely in the chest. He dropped without a sound. Ballard walked over to him and picked up the fallen M-16.

The asshole didn't even take off the safety.

Ballard did though. Then he slung the weapon over his shoulder and tied Gilbert's hands and feet with the remaining nylon cord. He trotted off to get Burns

and returned to find Gilbert regaining consciousness. There was blood soaking through the young man's camouflage jacket.

In a couple of minutes Ballard and his prey set off toward the cabin, which was more like a full-fledged house. Ballard guessed it to have at least four bedrooms on the second floor, and there was a tennis court off to one side, plus an Olympic-size pool so that no one would have to swim in the dirty old lake. Ballard quickly retied Burns's hands and left the two young men sitting by the front door. He told them, "If either one of you makes a sound, I'll kill you both. It's that simple." Then he went around the side of the building. He wasn't sure if he actually would kill them, but he was sure they'd keep quiet. They were both out of their league and knew it.

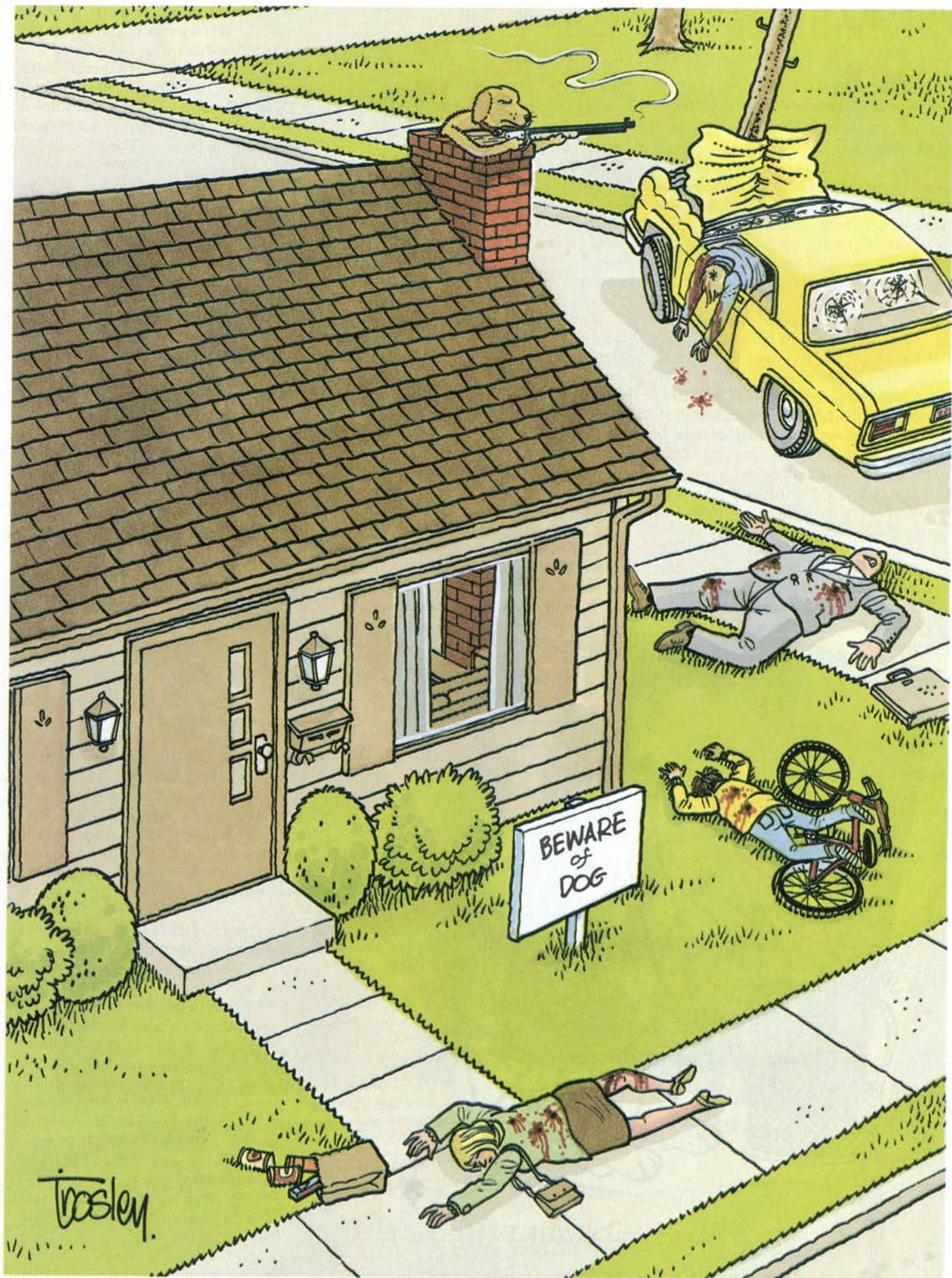
Ballard worked his way along the dwelling until he could peer in through a picture window. The living room was immense, with one wall entirely covered by a video/audio system dominated by a gigantic screen upon which a pornographic movie was displayed. The furniture was leather and chrome; the floor was inlaid hardwood covered with thick Oriental carpets. Shelves along the walls held delicate Oriental ceramics. Slim white candles and discreet, indirect lighting provided soft illumination. In the middle of a glass-topped table sat an ornate box filled with a fine white powder. Silver spoons, razor blades and straws lay nearby. Ballard liked to toot once in a while; the stuff definitely wasn't talcum powder.

Janet Landers and her boyfriend were in the middle of the room. She was wearing white tennis shoes and white knee socks, a white blouse, and a plaid, pleated skirt like girls wear to private schools, only much, much shorter. The full, rounded globes of her ass were half visible under the hem of the skirt, and her braless breasts jiggled tightly, erect nipples straining against the thin material of the blouse.

Hill was wearing a policeman's cap, pistol belt and harness, and high motorcycle officer's boots of gleaming black leather. Other than that he was naked. In one hand he held a nightstick, in the other a leather leash attached to a collar around the blonde's neck. Janet's hands were cuffed behind her back and, as Ballard watched, Hill jerked the leash. The blonde, a half-smile on her lips, her eyes glazed with lust and dope, knelt obediently before him.

Hill, his huge cock stiff as a log, was gesturing with the nightstick and saying something. Janet, her eyes on Hill's penis, crawled forward until she was straddling the toe of one motorcycle boot. As she began slowly to work her





VETERAN'S DAY (continued from page 82)

Janet could only take half its length, but she gazed adoringly into her boyfriend's eyes.

hips back and forth on the harsh leather, she also began to lick lightly at the tip of the nightstick. Hill grinned and pushed it toward her. She looked up at him and took it into her mouth as he stroked her cheek with his own flesh club.

Outside, Ballard's hot breath was fogging the window. He reached up carefully and wiped it clear. He had to time this just right.

Inside, Hill had released the girl from her handcuffs. She had taken the nightstick from him, and its glistening end had disappeared under her skirt. Hill gave an order, and the girl opened her mouth as he rammed his cock between her lush lips. She could only take half its length, but she gazed adoringly into her boyfriend's eyes as he pulled the leash taut with one hand and gripped the back of her head with the other. Soon he was pumping furiously at her as she jerked her head in response. Her right hand gripped the nightstick as she humped its hardness, and her left clutched Hill's cock. Hill's head was thrown back, his eyes tightly closed, a sneer twisted on his thin lips.

Ballard, still at the window, had to force himself to return to reality. He pulled himself away and ran around to the front door. He stood Gilbert and Burns on their feet and listened for a moment, until he heard Hill begin to moan. Then, just as the young man started shouting, "I'm coming, you bitch, I'm coming," Ballard put half of the M-16's 20-round magazine through the door. He kicked open the splintered wood, shoved Gilbert and Burns through and stepped in after them. Hill, startled, turned toward them, his cock flopping from side to side as he sprayed the blonde, the furniture, the expensive Oriental rug and his already-wet motorcycle boots with thick cum.

Gilbert and Burns lay in a pile on the floor, both of them covered with blood. Hill froze, one hand going for the pistol in his belt, the other trying to cover himself, as Ballard aimed the M-16 casually at his crotch. Janet had gotten to her feet and was smiling dazedly.

"I hereby declare this game at an end," Ballard said loudly. "And I declare myself the winner."



WAINETINSLE

"That Jesus guy is really driving me crazy, Doc. He keeps trying to steal my thunder. . . ."

Hill, whose shock was turning to fury, shouted, "You'll never find the negatives, and without them your ass is mine!"

"I'm not gonna look for them," Ballard answered. "I just want to tell you that before I left campus, I purchased some cocaine, which I hid in each of your rooms, but not too carefully. Then I called the police and told them where to look."

Gilbert and Burns followed this with mounting terror. "Jesus Christ," Gilbert whined. "If the cops find coke in my room, I'll never get my commission in the Army."

"I'll be fucked for sure," said Burns. "I'll lose my scholarship."

"Wait a minute!" shouted Hill, struggling to appear in control. "If we hurry, we can get back in time to protect ourselves. Even if we don't, we've got our negatives. It's a good thing my parents are so paranoid about thieves around here. There are hiding places that a professional cat burglar couldn't find. And couldn't open if he found them."

Ballard merely smiled and herded the four students to the door.

"You can drive back with me," he said to the blonde.

She shook her head. Ballard shrugged. Then, while the four waited, he picked up a gleaming antique brass kerosene lamp from a nearby table and emptied its contents over the drapes and Oriental carpet. Then he took out his old lighter, the one with the map of Vietnam on it, flicked the wheel and applied the flame to the fuel-soaked draperies.

Hill vehemently protested, but Ballard shoved him and his friends outside with the M-16. He gestured to Hill's waiting BMW. "Get in and leave," he ordered. With a spray of gravel the car sped off toward the highway, and Ballard turned to watch as the cabin—and the threatening negatives so carefully hidden within—were engulfed in flames.

* * *

The next day he picked up a copy of the campus newspaper and couldn't believe what he saw on the front page:

4 STUDENTS DEAD IN FIERY CRASH

Four college students were killed late last night near Arrow Lake when their car sped through a red light and was struck by an oncoming tractor-trailer. The car burst into flames, killing Thomas Hill, 21, the driver, and his three passengers, Roger Burns, 21, Janet Landers, 18, and Joel Gilbert, 22, all of whom died instantly. . . .

"They never knew what hit 'em," said Sergeant Elmer Griffiths of the State Police at the crash site. . . .

No, thought Professor Henry Ballard, they never did.

APRIL HUSTLER

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Photo by Husband



Photo by Boyfriend

Carol Lynn, 28, is a writer and actress from San Diego, California, who likes dancing and bicycling. Her fantasy is to make mad, passionate love to Richard Anderson, star of *MacGyver*.

Krystaline, 22, is an Elgin, Illinois, factory worker who's into art, music and exercise. Her tasty fantasy is to put a banana in her pussy and her friend eat it as it comes out.

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DEPARTMENT
COUNTY

Men & Women
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245



The star of Texas, sultry Sandra, 26, is a business student whose hobbies are aerobics, jogging and tennis. Her fantasy is to do it in the forest with two men under the shady trees.

Photo by Jerry



\$	1
8	
15	
22	
29	3



Photo by Husband

Twenty-six-year-old Klute of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is crazy about dancing, aerobics, partying and sex. She dreams of having sex in unusual places and of becoming a HUSTLER centerfold.



Photo by Husband

Cindy is a 28-year-old housewife from Jarreau, Louisiana, who loves country music. Her favorite fantasy is to appear in Beaver Hunt, but she says she has another involving Willie Nelson and Johnny Carson. Unfortunately, she didn't provide any details.

12 LOGE
SEC 10
ROW 7
SEAT 1
DOOR 1
RESERVED
MARK TAPER
SATURD 8:00 P.M.
19
\$13.25
BEAT
FORUM



Photo by Ann

A cocktail waitress from Taylor, Michigan, Debby, 28, enjoys swimming, dancing, painting and astrology. Her fantasy is to make love to Larry Flynt's wife, Althea.

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90



Photo by Husband



Photo by Husband

Twenty-six-year-old "Foxy Lady" of Inman, South Carolina, is a housewife who likes horseback riding and lying in the sun. She dreams of giving her husband a good fucking, which we hope doesn't come as too much of a shock to hubby.

Mary, a 30-year-old housewife, hails from Stevens Point, Wisconsin. She says she's "high on life, sex and rock 'n' roll," and dreams of having sex in a room with no gravity.

No. 10753
10721 Galaxy Way
erated by KinPark

Kip desperately wanted to prove himself worthy. He even tried lying, but he couldn't lie to himself.

mental breakdowns come; they are the building blocks of suicide, the fabric of distorted personalities and the wounds that scar and decapitate individuals or families."

In *Love vs. Lust*, a pamphlet written for teenagers, Kimball told young men that premarital sex is a serious sin, one just short of murder. He wrote: "The young man is untrue to his manhood who promises popularity, good times, security, fun and even love, when all he can give is passion and its diabolical fruits—guilt complexes, disgust, hatred, abhorrence, eventual loathing, and possible pregnancy without legitimacy and honor."

Insisting on anonymity, a young, attractive woman sums up 20 years of Mormon sex indoctrinations: "They tell you it's filthy and ugly. They say you'll be shamed and damned. By the time you're 20, you've got more sexual hang-ups than you can deal with. It's crazy."

Even married people are told that sex for pleasure is out, that the only legitimate purpose of sex is to be the tool of "procreating new spirits." In a confidential letter responding to an inquiry from a

married couple asking if oral sex was permitted, the late Mormon Prophet Harold B. Lee stated: "I was shocked to have you raise the question about 'oral lovemaking in the genital area among married couples.' Heaven forbid any such degrading activities which would be abhorrent in the sight of the Lord. For any Latter-day Saint . . . to engage in any kind of perversions of this sacred God-given gift of procreation would be sure to bring down the condemnation of the Lord whom we would offend were we to engage in any such practice."

Once known for their practice of polygamy (multiple marriages), today's Latter-day Saints are ultraconservative, tight-knit, industrious and secretive. The church demands absolute faith in and conformity to all its teachings and doctrines, and it attempts to govern all aspects of its congregation's lives, including their sex lives.

In a letter to his father, Kip wrote: "I think since you're my father who I love very much, I can tell you something about me that I have a problem with. It started when I was around nine or ten years of age. I had my first wet dream and

was experiencing new feelings. I really don't know how I got started, but it doesn't matter. I did it for about a year, then out of fright that I would go to Satan if I did things like that, I stopped doing it. Then about a year and a half later I was starting with it again. It was the first week of junior high in the 7th grade. I really don't know what it was that got me doing it again. For about a year I rationalized that it was right; it really wasn't a big problem then. But I did feel guilty. Then through my guilt and what I was learning [from the church] I knew it was wrong for me."

Eliason remembers: "Initially, Kip came to me and said he'd begun to have nocturnal emissions. He asked if I thought it would affect his church priesthood. I told him, 'No way! It's normal, and every man goes through it.'"

Kip desperately wanted to be a good man and prove himself worthy. At first he even tried lying, but he couldn't lie to himself. He wrote: "I had lied about it to everyone, even the bishop and myself. I would go in for [bishop] interviews, and when the 'golden question' was asked, 'Are you morally clean?' I looked in his eyes and lied. My life was downhill all the time. I felt horrible inside, and it showed. I didn't have many friends. I felt too humiliated to see the bishop. I tried a million times to stop on my own. But it was an obsession. A hideous habit that I thought to be totally impossible to quit. I knew Satan had me twisted on his little finger. I thought I would never be able to lose the chains that held me fast."

When Kip finally told his bishop the truth, the bishop scheduled regular counseling sessions to assist the youth to stop masturbating and to monitor his progress. The church would supply the information he needed to overcome his sin, but he alone would have to stop—that is, if he really wanted to.

Unlike churches that require clergymen to have training and even college degrees before providing counseling, Mormon bishops and elders have little or no training in psychology or sexology. The only instruction they receive comes from either *The Bishop's General Handbook* or the litany of pamphlets and instructional manuals pumped out by the LDS publishing arm.

One pamphlet written for teenage boys is titled *Steps to Overcoming Masturbation*. It recommends avoiding being alone whenever possible, but "if you have a friend who masturbates, end the friendship immediately—don't fool yourself by thinking you can stop together; it will only lead to even greater perversions."

As a reminder of their particular sin, Mormon masturbators are instructed to carry a pocket calendar with them wher-



"We've come home. You can quit fucking now."



"No doubt about it . . . the victim's last meal was a ham and Swiss on rye
with a side of fries."

The church's treatment for homosexuals might be right out of the future-shock cult-film A Clockwork Orange.

ever they go. They are told to paint the days they masturbated black. Masturbators are also told not to read about or talk to anyone about their problem.

In the bathroom, Mormons are advised to always leave the door slightly ajar to avoid being alone, and to never admire themselves in the mirror. "Never stay in the bathroom for longer than five minutes, even to bathe—then GET OUT FAST." The author recommends never touching the "intimate parts" of the body except during normal toileting.

In the bedroom they are instructed to dress for security. The more layers of clothing, the better. If the urge to masturbate becomes unbearable, yell "STOP!" as a way of changing the subject. Another option is to grasp a Book of Mormon and hold it tightly. In severe cases the masturbator is told to tie his hand to the bedframe so that semisleep masturbation doesn't occur.

In the pamphlet *Love vs. Lust*, Kimball warned masturbators that if they don't stop, they will end up homosexual: "Masturbation is the introduction of the more serious sin of exhibitionism and the gross

sin of homosexuality." And in *Tools for Missionaries* the church states that medical doctors believe masturbation "dulls the mind and has adverse effect on the memory."

Dr. Vern Bullough of State University College at Buffalo, New York, is the author of many books on homosexuality and masturbation, including *Sexual Variance in Society and History*. Bullough, who also heads the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, takes issue with Mormon claims of medical backing: "Obviously, members of the society would take exception to the attempts of the LDS Church to claim scientific backing for their stand on masturbation; their science is about 80 years out of date, and it was questionable even 80 years ago."

If the church's stand on masturbation is based on turn-of-the-century science, its controversial treatment for homosexuals might be right out of the future-shock novel and cult-film classic *A Clockwork Orange*.

The so-called electroshock conditioning starts in the downtown Salt Lake City office of psychologist and active Mor-

mon Robert Card. First, electrodes are strapped to the homosexual's arms or fingers, biofeedback monitors are attached to his head, and a circular electronic sensor is placed around his penis. Next, the patient sits in a darkened room where he views videotapes of heterosexual and homosexual sex acts.

If the patient gets an erection while watching the heterosexual tapes, a biofeedback digital-display monitor registers a positive numerical reading. But if the patient begins to have an erection while viewing the homosexual tapes, the electrodes strapped to his arms or fingers deliver an electrical shock.

Don Attridge, an ex-Mormon homosexual who was also a member of the famed Mormon Tabernacle Choir, underwent five months of shock treatments conducted by Dr. Card, whom he refers to as Dr. Frankenstein. "Every time I left his office, I was hornier than ever. Many times my arms were red and cut up from the shocks—they looked like hamburger."

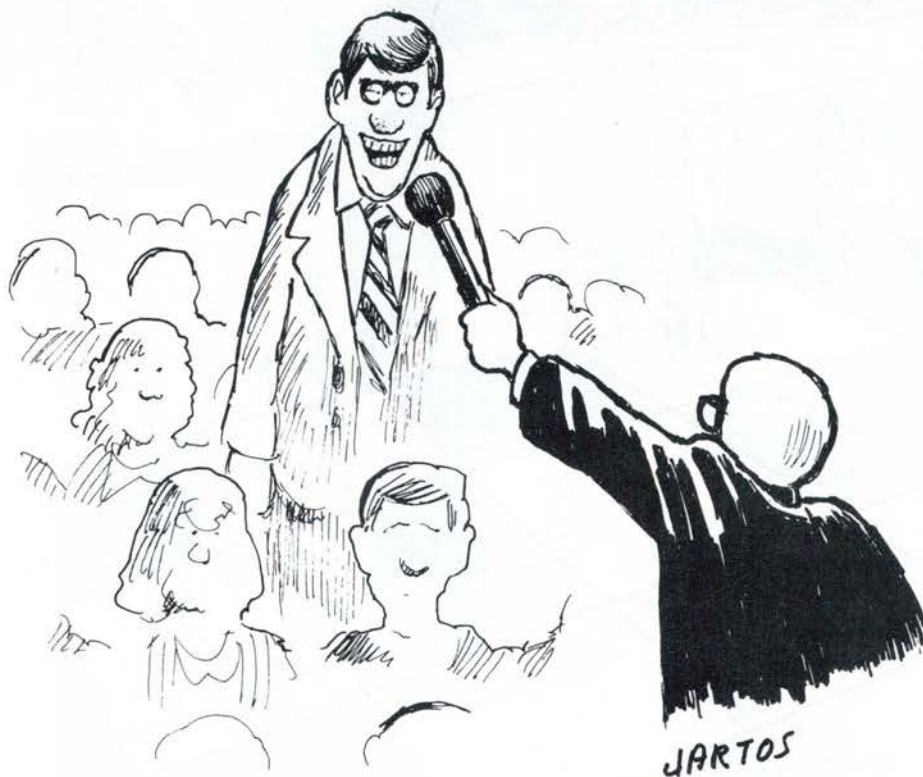
Another ex-Mormon gay, Les (who wanted only his first name identified), is very angry. "It's horrible having the hell shocked out of you when you get sexually excited. The entire thing was disgusting." Les even considered suicide. "After a while suicide looked like the most honorable thing to do. Many Mormon gays do it. I had it all planned, an automobile accident on a certain curve in the mountains; it was a way my children and family would be spared."

In February 1984 the Australian television version of *60 Minutes* aired a segment about the treatments, titled "Saints and Sinners." Utah native and ex-Mormon Gary L. Stone told producer Warren McStoker that he didn't just leave the church after being treated by Dr. Card. He kidnapped his four-year-old daughter from his ex-wife to get her away from the church and then moved to Australia.

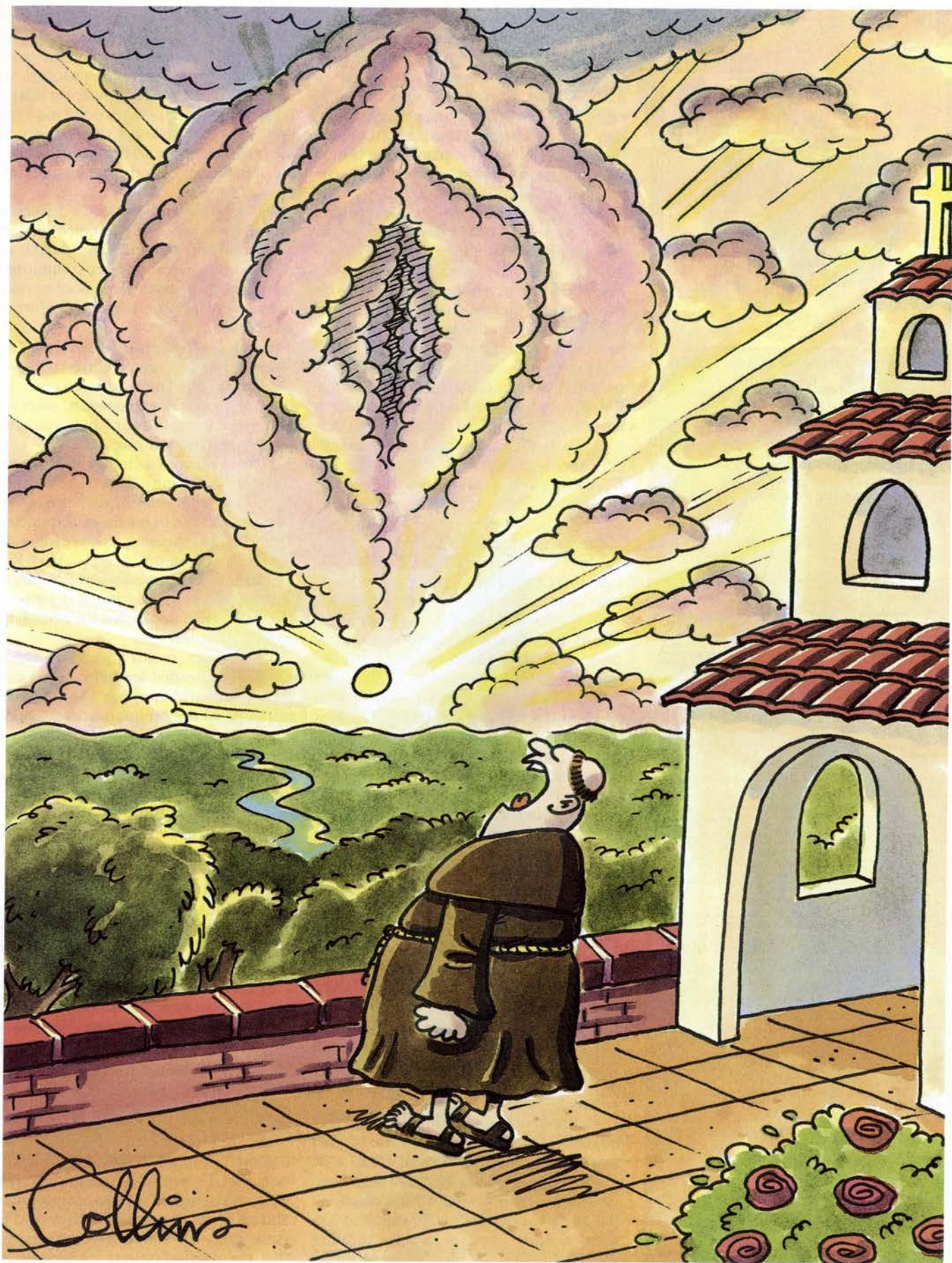
"Getting myself and my daughter away from the Mormon Church was the best decision I've made in my entire 32-year life." About Dr. Card's treatment he says, "It's destructive. They are purposely trying to destroy you. If you are a homosexual in the church, you have only three options—you can lie, you can die or you can disappear."

While publicly abhorring any form of pornography, the church uses porn to treat homosexuality. And although it doesn't openly embrace Dr. Card's treatment, many higher-ups endorse the therapy and even refer church members for treatment.

The Mormon instructional pamphlet *Homosexuality* outlines and suggests specific therapeutic methods to be used in sex counseling. They include establishing



"Frankly, Phil, I'd just like to fuck the brains out of that antiporn lady."



"Okay, okay! You don't have to rub it in!"

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rapport and confidentiality, assessment-counseling, fantasy-changing, goal-setting, thought-stopping, chain-breaking and aversion therapy. The church believes that all homosexuals started out as masturbators; so counselors are instructed to identify the masturbator, gain his confidence, assess his needs and then design and implement a plan to help him stop before it leads to "more perverse and repugnant sins."

Although the church encourages the use of these potentially dangerous therapies, it fails to offer implementation guidelines. Bishops have no way of recognizing emotional and psychological problems or even mental illness. Also, they have no way of knowing whether the therapy is helpful or harmful.

Again, Dr. Jack Annon: "It is my professional opinion that the LDS Church has gone a step beyond propounding a certain viewpoint that masturbation is a sin, and has actually instructed its leaders, teachers and bishops to provide counseling and to utilize behavior-modification skills that can have very dangerous and adverse effects."

After Kip admitted his "sin," he felt relieved. "It has been exactly 11 weeks ago that I was called in by my new bishop to have an interview with him for the On My Honor Award. I knew that the question would be asked, 'Are you worthy?' I prayed for strength to tell the truth before I went for the interview. I felt a little nervous at first, but then I was relaxed. The question was asked, and I told him the truth. I felt as clean as I felt at my baptism. I feel 'new' again! I have not masturbated for 11 weeks now. This is after I tried and tried to stop. After I saw the bishop, I knew I would never be immoral ever again. The chains are loose, and I am free. . . . New doors to truth and happiness have opened up to me."

Unfortunately, Kip's hopes were dashed when he eventually masturbated again. He wrote: "It seems I have tried to stop a billion times, but it's the same old feelings. It affects every part of my life. If I could only get rid of this one sin, I know I could be a better person. I know I will run into a lot more problems in my life, but I think having a good self-image will help a lot through those times. Being rid of this ugly immoral sin will save my life and make it worth living."

By the time Kip was 15, he and his dad discussed the problem regularly. Eliason continued to try to convince Kip that masturbation was a normal and even healthy part of growing up and discovering one's own sexuality. He supplied Kip with books by medical experts refuting the information supplied by the Mormon Church. Even though Kip loved him, Eliason's influence couldn't match the

well-oiled antimasturbation campaign of the Mormons.

In a letter to his father, Kip regurgitated his indoctrination. "Now I know you are going to say it's good, it's natural, and 99.9% of the human population does it. Dad, I have read the statistics; I have read the sex books; I know the authors are professionals with all the 'facts.' But for me, it is wrong! For others it may be right, but not for me."

At school, friends noticed a difference in his behavior. He clammed up and seemed lost in thought. The church was demanding an ever greater commitment from him. If he wasn't in school or doing homework, then he was at the Mormon wardhouse.

Nearly five years had passed since Kip's first wet dream and feelings of sexual awakening. For most, adolescence is a time of personal exploration, discovery and excitement, but for Kip it was a time of torment and self-disgust.

Eliason noticed a change in Kip's personality. "He seemed down in the dumps for no apparent reason. He began spending a lot of time in his room. I found out later he was praying and reading the Scriptures for hours on end." After Kip's death he found an extensive library on sex, human reproduction and scores of pamphlets and books that the church had supplied the boy.

In a letter to an unnamed church elder, Kip pleaded for help: "How can I have the confidence that I won't let myself fall into this temptation ever again? I really want to fulfill my priesthood calling, and I can't if I am not morally clean. I don't even deserve it! I am willing to do anything I have to do to be able to repent and be free of this sin."

By the fall of 1981 the once-active, outgoing and well-liked teenager was withdrawn and profoundly depressed. On December 10, 1981, Kip tried to kill himself by drinking a bottle of iodine mixed with alcohol. He had come to hate himself so completely, he believed that death and damnation were all he deserved.

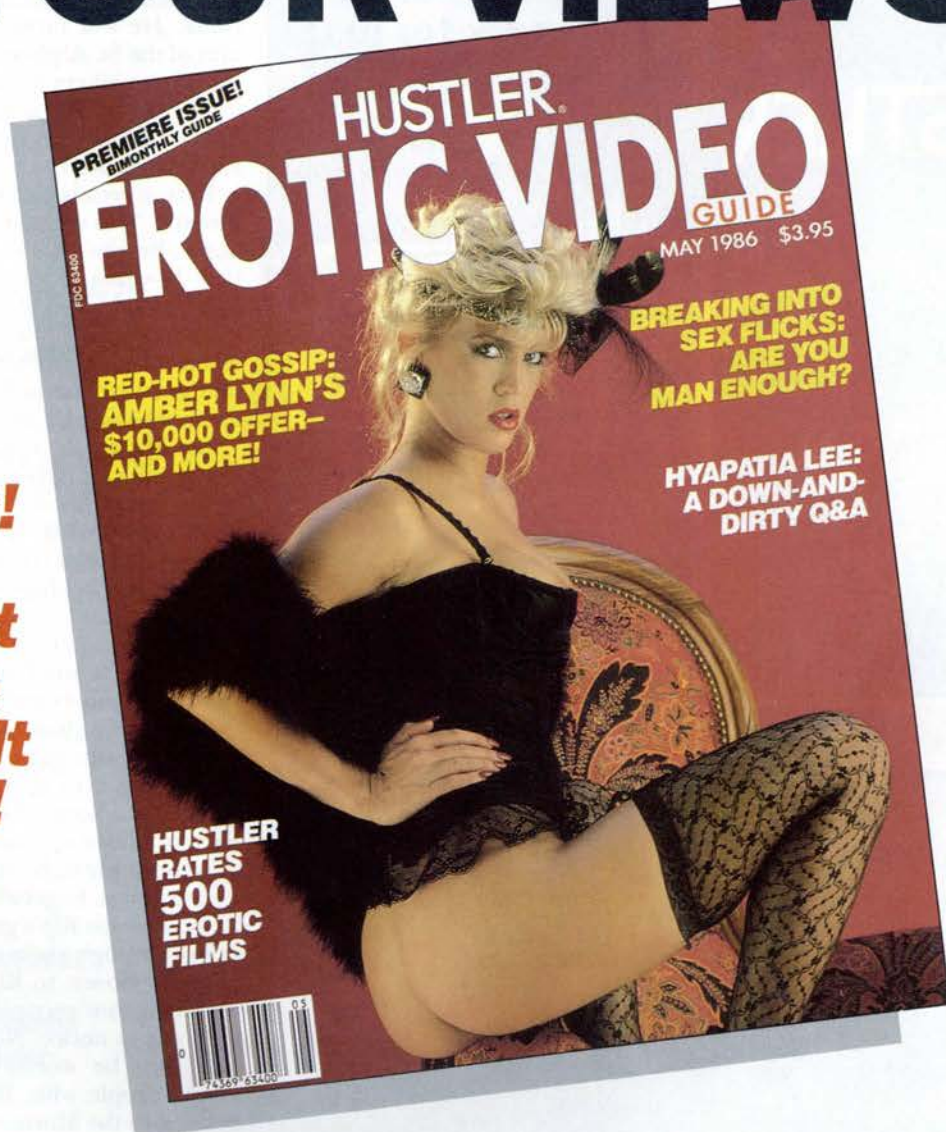
If there had been any doubt concerning the severity of his emotional conflict or state of mind, Kip's attempted suicide should have silenced it. The Eliason suit alleges that the Mormon Church was aware of the suicide attempt, but continued to counsel him in complete disregard for his deteriorating mental state.

Dr. Annon believes, "It is my firm professional opinion, based upon information that I have at hand, that the LDS Church attempted to teach very stringent and difficult standards to a boy who was vulnerable to emotional conflicts, and that the counseling was inadequate and appears to have contributed to the boy's suicidal ideations."

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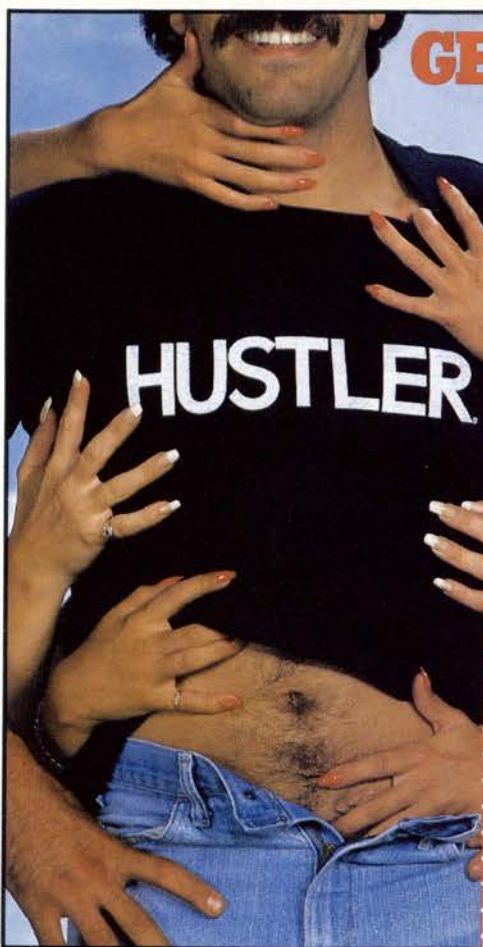
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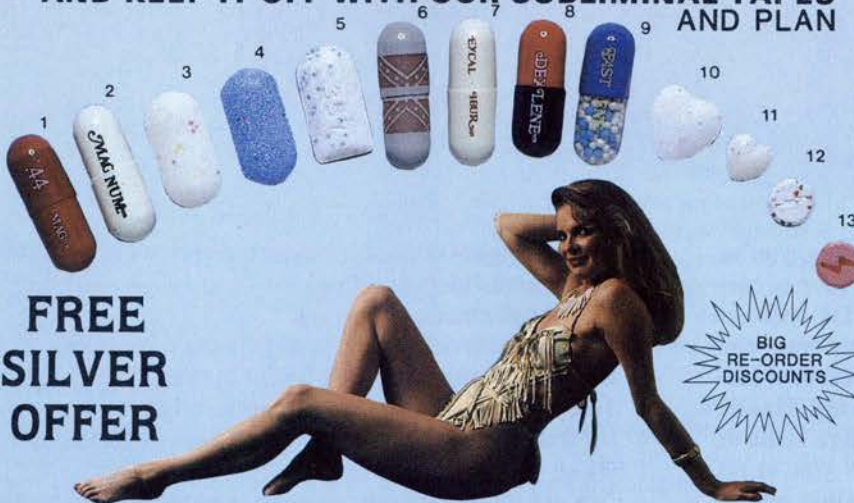
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On January 10, 1982, just a month after his first suicide attempt, Kip was ordained into the Aaronic Priesthood. One in a series of Mormon priesthoods, the Aaronic demands greater responsibility, commitment and perfection.

On Valentine's Day, February 14, Kip made another attempt to end his life by again drinking a mixture of iodine and alcohol. He was taken to the psychiatric unit of the St. Alphonsus Regional Medical Center, where he was diagnosed as suicidal. (The medical facility is a codefendant in the Eliason suit.) Eight days later Kip was released to his father.

Eliason recalls picking his son up at the hospital. "He seemed happy to be going home. Before we left, he introduced me to a 16-year-old girl he had met there. She had told him she was there for the same reason he was. Kip seemed very taken by his new friend and, when they said goodbye, he took her into his arms and kissed her. I'll never forget it."

On March 2, 1982, Kip was home alone while his father made an overnight business trip. About 9 p.m. Eliason called him from his hotel. "Kip seemed all right. I asked him if he'd taken his medicine, and he said he had. I told him I'd be home soon, and that was about it."

Sometime after the call, Kip wrote a suicide note. He went to the closed garage, started the family car and went to sleep.

Dead at 16, Kip Eliason had but two "vices," masturbation and telling the truth. He was unable to stop masturbating and too honorable to lie—something tens of thousands of other Mormons must be doing right now.

Every time Eugene Eliason returns to Boise, he visits Kip's grave. Sometimes he drives through their old neighborhood. He feels closest to Kip there. If a Mormon neighbor recognizes him, they pretend not to notice. Now labeled an anti-Mormon, he worries about all those young people who, like Kip, are giving their all to the Mormon Church.

Today Eliason shows his anger less frequently than he did two years ago, even though his precedent-setting clergy-malpractice suit has cost him everything. (After several lengthy delays and setbacks it is slated to go to court this spring.) It's not that his anger has subsided the way it might have had his son been killed in an auto accident, say. That kind of natural dissipation of anger doesn't apply to him. Until he can find justice and reconcile the fact that Kip died not only believing himself a failure at age 16, but also believing that he deserved to die as punishment for his "despicable sin," Eliason's anger and grieving will continue.

Journalist Mark A. Taylor, a native of Salt Lake City, has written feature articles for a number of Far West publications.

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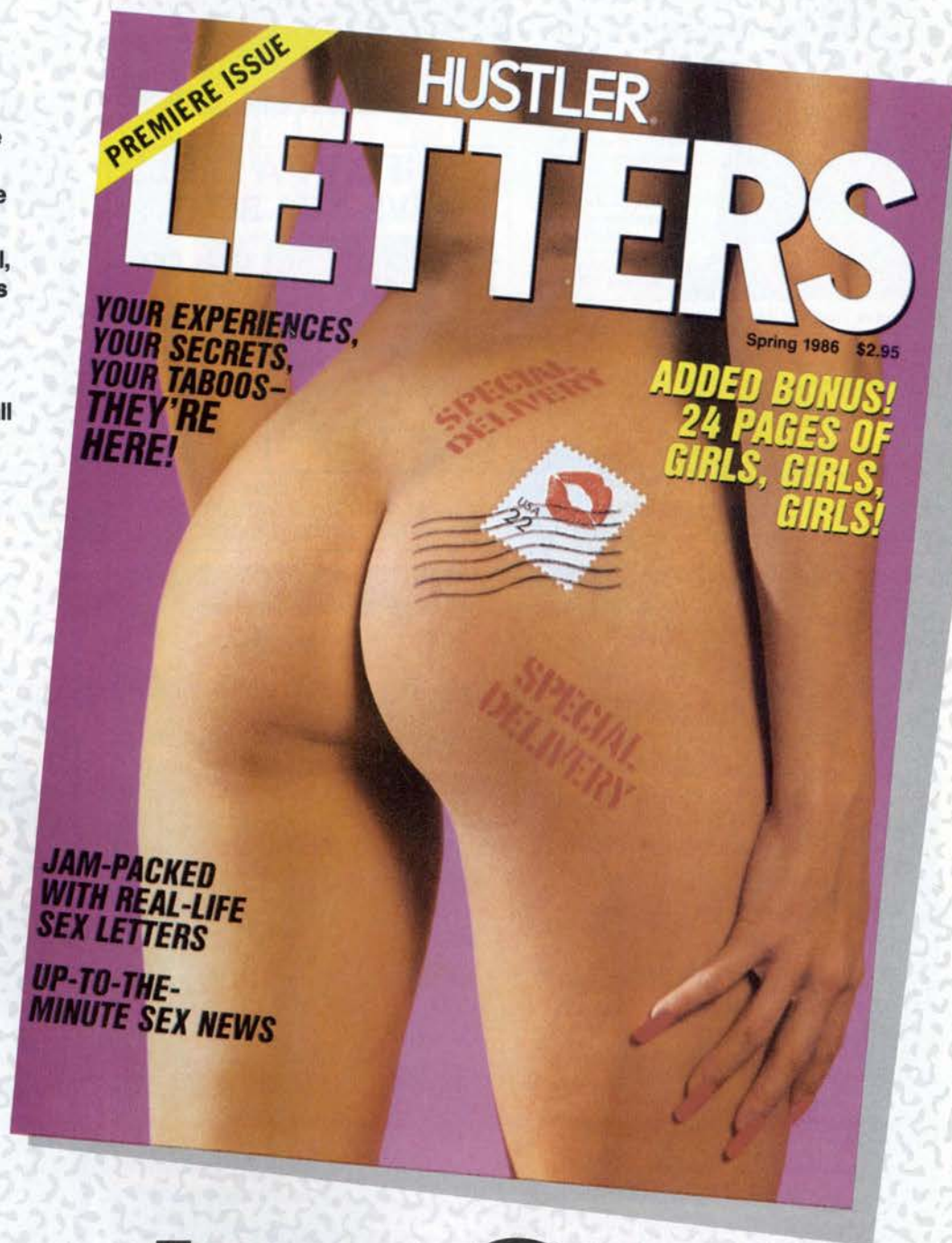
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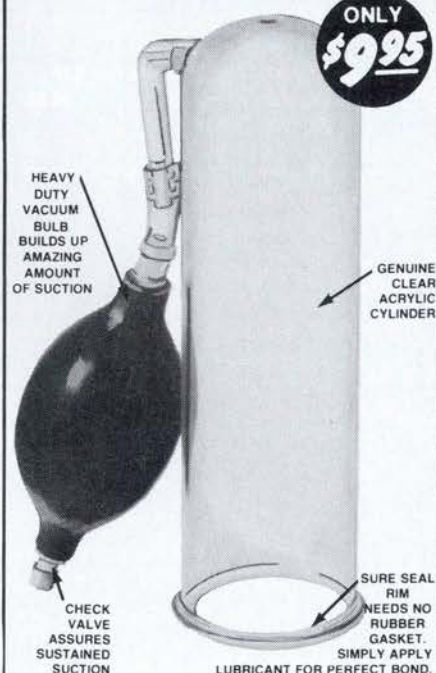
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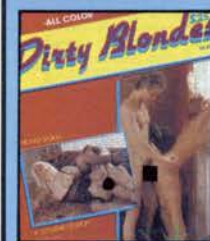
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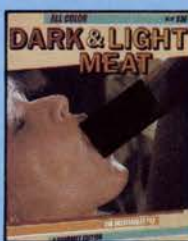
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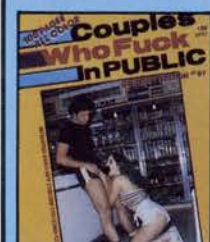
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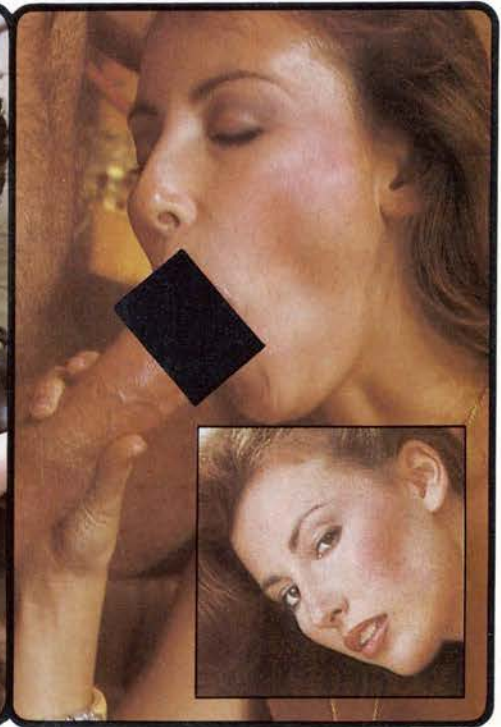


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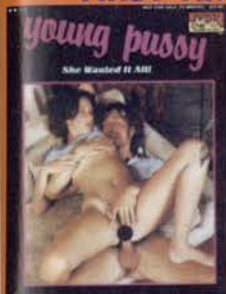


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2A. VIDEO

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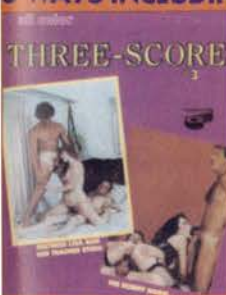


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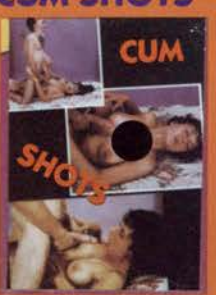


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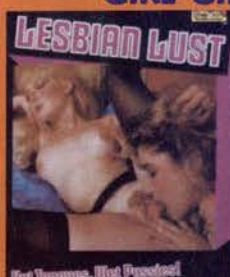


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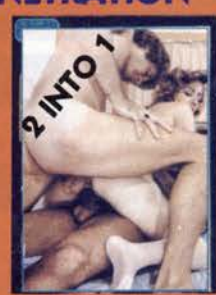


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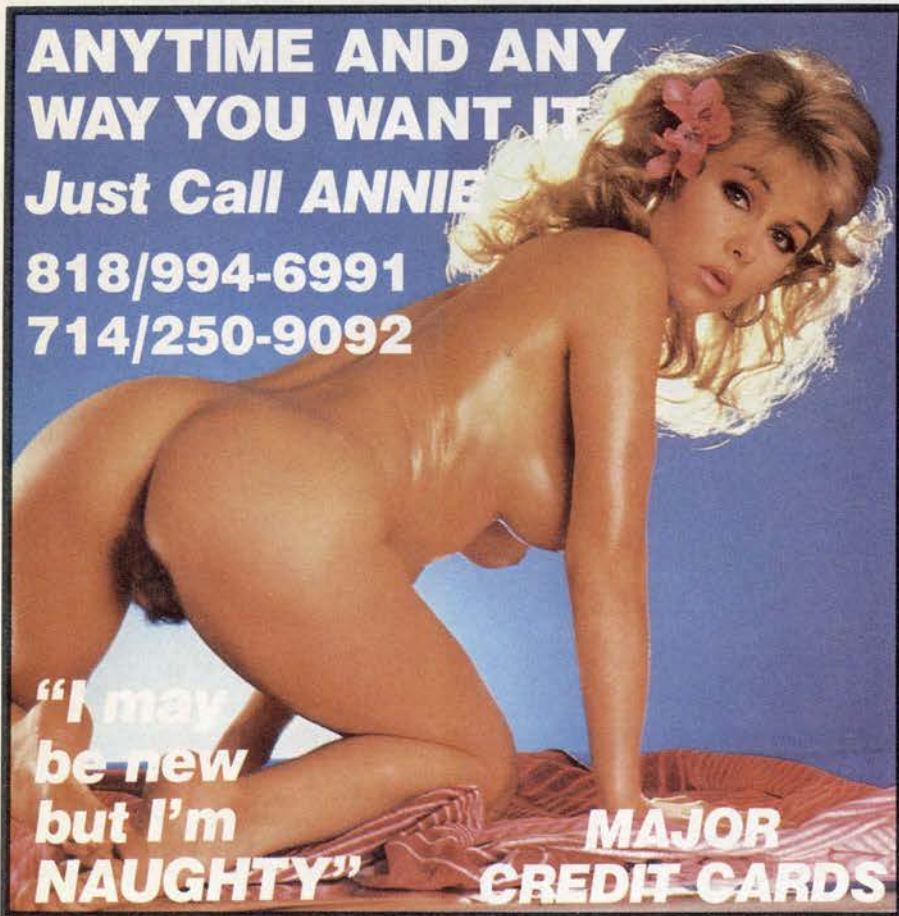
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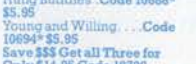
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WAS MARILYN MURDERED?

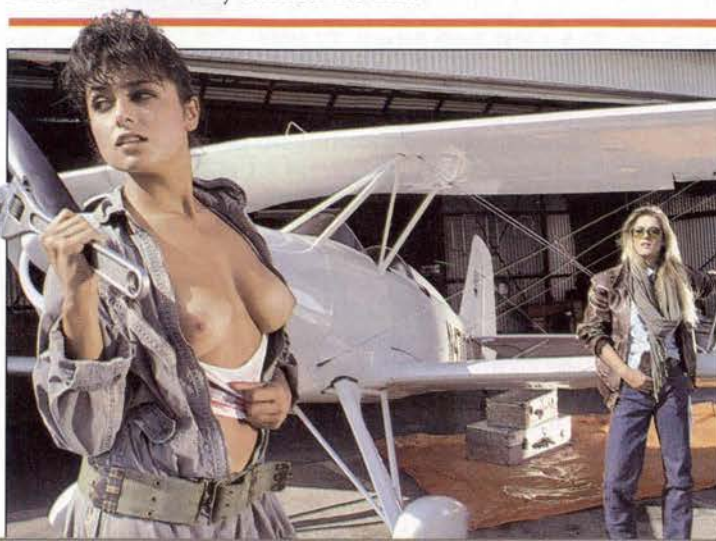
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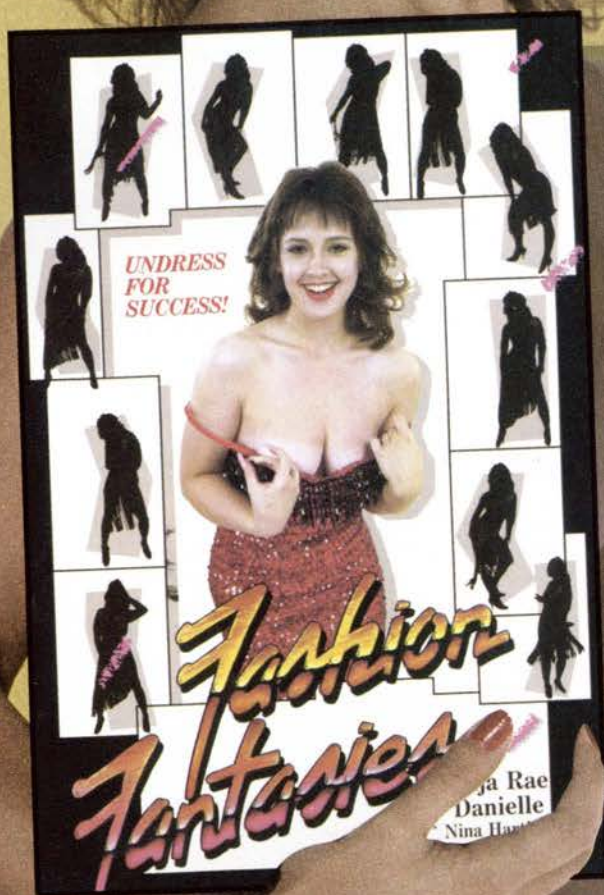
All of HUSTLER's raunchy regular features: zipper-bursting erotic correspondence in *Hot Letters*; outrageous humor from *Bits and Pieces*; X-rated films and videos reviewed in *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment*; and talented young twats in *Beaver Hunt*. The May '86 HUSTLER will really turn on the heat.



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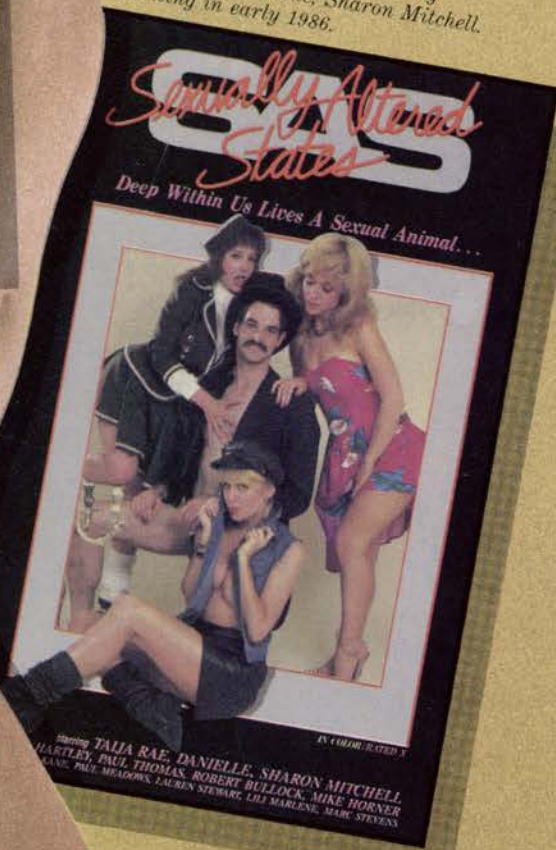
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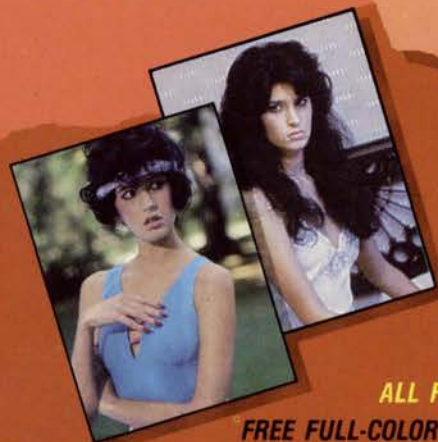
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